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The Land of Promise

HOW AN ENGLISH LADY'S COMPANION DISCOVERED IT LAY IN MANITOBA, AS INTERPRETED BY MISS BILLIE BURKE IN THE CANADIAN PLAY THAT HAS SCORED THE HIT OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

By W. Somerset Maugham

Retold by
Burns Mantle

Illustrated from Photographs of the Play

Copyright 1914 by W. Somerset Maugham

Photograph by White
"YOU KNEW IT WASN'T LOADED"

Photograph by White
"MARIA" CRIED HE SURE"

THE late Mrs. Wickham could think of more things for Norah Marsh to do, and fewer kind words with which to thank her for having done them, than seemed possible to any human being. But it was not Mrs. Wickham's object to be mean. Nor was it exactly her nature. She merely insisted on being certain, as an employer, that she was getting her money's worth. She paid Norah the extravagant sum of £30 a year. She provided her with meals that were, to Mrs. Wickham at least, considerably above the average and she permitted her to assume the genteel title of "lady's companion" and thus preserve her self-respect and standing as an English gentlewoman.

Furthermore, she had taken occasion to remark on more occasions than one that when she was gone Norah would still be provided for. Two years previous to the time of which I write there had even been a definite suggestion that as a reward for her eight years of personal service Norah was to have an annual income of something like £250. It was to be so stipulated in Mrs. Wickham's will.

Now Mrs. Wickham was dead, and Norah thought of these things as she stood looking across the formal garden toward the road down which any moment she expected the carriages to appear that would bring the chief mourners back from the services at her grave.

Norah had asked to be excused from these last rites.

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There was really no reason why she should have gone. She was not a relative, and her employer was not her dearly beloved friend. While Mrs. Wickham had lived Norah had done everything she could to make life easy for her. Now that she was dead her former companion felt that the matter was closed between them. Still there were tears in her eyes as she reviewed the passing.

"It seems so dreadful to die, and have not a soul to regret it," she mused. "She's been a hard-working and selfish woman all her life and there is now no one who cared for her. And yet I believe I care. I don't suppose one can live all that time with any one, and not be a little sorry to part with them forever, and I do think she liked me as much as she was capable of liking anybody."

She fell to thinking again of the will, and what £250 a year meant to her. To be no more at the beck and call of any person; to be able to take short trips, to go to the Italian lakes, or to Switzerland, for a brief and economical, but still glorious, holiday. She wondered if people would think her horrible if they knew how happy she was at the thought of her new freedom.

"OH, MY GIRL! MY GIRL!" HE GROANED, "I CAN'T THANK YOU"

Photograph by White

And then there came another thought—a disquieting thought that she had been preparing herself to accept.

What if, after all, she had been left out of the will?

What if Mrs. Wickham had forgotten, or changed her mind? What if everything had been left to James Wickham, the nephew, and Dorothy, his wife, who had been hovering about like two polite society vultures, for so many years, obviously waiting for Mrs. Wickham to give up her strenuous fight for life?

The thought was like a draught of chilling air and Norah shuddered.

Yet she knew she must consider that possibility. What should she do then? There was her brother Edward in Canada. She might go to him. He had offered her a home several times, though he had always taken pains to suggest that it was a home on a farm, and not at all like anything to which Norah had been accustomed.

No, she didn't believe farm life in a new country would suit her! If one's up-bringing had been gentle, one must go on heeding its dictation. She would be forced to go out in search of another situation—and be again at the beck and call of another crochety old lady.

She thought rather idly, too, of marriage, and shuddered again. Men didn't appeal to Norah. Oftentimes she had told herself that she never would marry. She could not marry a gentleman, and she would permit no man who was not a gentleman to marry her. No! Marriage was out of the question.

A dust cloud became visible up the road. Norah drew back from the window and hurried to her room. She would not like to have the Wickhams find her waiting for them as though she were eager to hear the will. She glanced hastily at the clock as she passed through the hall. It was nearly four and Mr. Wynne, Mrs. Wickham's solicitor, had agreed to be there at four with the fateful document.

She heard the Wickhams come in and smiled at the high, almost quarrelsome, pitch of their voices. Apparently they already were dividing the spoils. The

services they had just attended were an unpleasant obligation that they were glad had been met and passed.

She wondered if the spirit of Mrs. Wickham still lingered about the house, and if it did, if the old lady was listening to that discussion in the drawing room.

Ten minutes later Mr. Wynne was announced and Norah was called down stairs. She thought she detected a certain sympathy in the tone and manner of the solicitor. She knew, of course, that the other heirs were wondering what was in her mind. Probably they were fearful lest she should be given too much. She straightened her back—genteelly, but defiantly. She was twenty-six years old, and she had given the best eight years of her life to Mrs. Wickham for £30 a year plus board and lodging. Anything that came to her now she was entitled to.

Mr. Wynne was speaking. "Miss Marsh, so far as you know, there is no other will?"

"How do you mean?"

"Mrs. Wickham didn't make another will without my assistance so far as you know? Nothing of the kind in the house for instance?"

"Oh no. Mrs. Wickham always said you had her will."

He seemed disappointed with her answer

"I feel that I should ask you," he explained, "because she consulted me about two years ago concerning another will. She told me then what she wanted to do, but gave me no actual instructions regarding the drawing of the paper. I thought perhaps she might have done it herself."

MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO HAS SCORED A SIGNAL SUCCESS IN "THE LAND OF PROMISE"

Photographs by White

"YOU'RE GOING TO WASH UP THE THINGS, MY GIRL, AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT RIGHT NOW"

Another ten minutes, and the cause for Mr. Wynne's solicitude was apparent. Mrs. Wickham's will, made six years before, and never changed, left £100 to the Propagation of the Gospel: £100 to the general hospital at Tunbridge Wells, and the entire residue of her fortune to her nephew, Mr. James Wickham.

Norah Marsh was not mentioned.

When Mrs. Wickham had consulted him two years before, Mr. Wynne explained, she had mentioned £300 as the sum she intended settling on Miss Marsh, and under the circumstances, he thought that Mr. James Wickham

and his wife would probably be very glad to——

They would indeed—they would be very glad to give Nora a year's salary, suggested Mrs. James Wickham—a year's salary and as many excellent recommendations as she could use in finding a new place. More than that, of course, they could not be expected to do.

In her own room Norah studied the sorry face in her mirror. "Eight years," she mused. "Eight long years. The best years of a woman's life When other girls are enjoying themselves I was working for board, lodging and £30 a year. A cook does better than that."

She threw herself disconsolately on the bed. "And I was dreaming of France and Italy. I shall spend years more, with another old lady; then she too, will die, and I shall look out for another situation. It won't be so easy then, for I will be getting old, and when I am too old some charitable people will probably put me in a home."

After a time her grief was washed away in the flood of tears that followed. For Norah had youth and the spirit of youth—and these twain have ever fought a winning fight with disappointment and grief.

Norah Marsh was not a snob, as we use the word, but I truly believe the one thing that made her hesitate about going to Canada was the knowledge that her brother, born a gentleman, had married "beneath him." He had been in "the land of promise" four years, a worker among workers, and always with that broad hopefulness in the future that the day was close at hand when he would be master of his own estate.

He had filed claim to one hundred and sixty acres of as fine wheat land as any the sun shone upon; and his ambition was to see it under cultivation. The girl he married was not of his class. He knew that. But she, too, was a worker and it was their respect for each other and their confidence in the future of the new country that drew them together.

Ed wrote to Norah as his only living relative when he decided to take Gertie Miller away from the Winnipeg hotel in which she was employed and make her his wife. He explained that he was going out to his farm—that the life was rough, the work hard, and that no "lady" could stand it. He added that he had come to love the young woman he was about to take into domestic partnership, and the fact that she had been forced to earn her own living from the time she was thirteen years old did not deter him.

The letter he had in reply was brief but quite to the point. He was, Norah wrote, first of all an English gentleman, and he should not bring disgrace upon the name his fathers had given him by marrying one of Miss Miller's indistinct, not to say obscure, social rank. Ed laughed at that letter, because, like the pardon for the gentleman who had been hung, it came too late. He and the new Mrs. Marsh were already on their way to the homesteader's cabin that was to be their abiding place. He laughed to himself, and because he thought the joke so good, he showed the letter to his bride. The new Mrs. Marsh never forgot it.

The fact that Norah had later written a sympathetic and tactful note to Gertie, welcoming her into the family, or that Gertie had added her word to that of her husband's urging Norah to come to Canada, after they had heard of the death of Mrs. Wickham, had in no sense obliterated Mrs. Marsh's memory of the previous offense.

Her hurt feelings were frequently suggested in her none too subtle references to those who "put on airs," and felt above their more common, but equally worthy associates. On two or three occasions, when she was generally out of sorts, her remarks had been particularly irritating, not to say insulting. But Norah had either pretended not to hear, or had allowed the sudden flush her rising temper drove into her cheeks to be the only witness of her displeasure.

There were two reasons why she should not resent these open invitations to a breach. Her brother represented the first, her dependence on him the second. She had just £8 left after she had bought her steamer ticket at Liverpool. And when Ed had swung her off the train at Dyer, two weeks later, her worldly possessions consisted of a very modest wardrobe and $7.30 in actual cash. So she was not exactly independent. That she could obtain employment in Winnipeg she doubted. A lady's companion in a new and growing country was not exactly a necessity, and she lacked the physical strength, as Gertie often suggested, to do any "real" work.

So she tried to make the best of the conditions she found. She tried to do her part of the work, for all that she was conscious of doing it badly, and she made a special effort to be "nice" to her sister-in-law.

For three of the four weeks she had been there she had been happy. She was living in a new atmosphere and under new conditions. The novelty had delighted her. There was exhilaration and health in the air that swept across the wonderful prairies, and as she filled her lungs with it her whole being responded. Youth was hers for the asking, she decided. She even caught herself singing in competition with the birds in the morning. She forgot the late Mrs. Wickham. She forgot the soft tread and threw off the oppressive anxiety of a lady's companion.

Then the reaction. With the feeling that she was not altogether welcome in her sister-in-law's home had come a sense of resentment at the absence of those bodily comforts to which she had been accustomed. The mirage she pictured in the clouds at sunset was filled with porcelain bathtubs, daintily furnished bedrooms, silver tea-sets and fragile china. She began to think of England, and English people.

This morning she glanced across the littered breakfast table from which she was removing the dishes and looked full into the eyes of Frank Taylor. Her lip curled contemptuously despite her effort to control it. His glance was easily analyzed. Admiration for her bodily attractions was mingled with good-natured contempt for her shortcomings as a housekeeper. She hated Frank Taylor.

He had proposed to her the third week she was there—he, little better than a hired man—had dared suggest that she marry him and go to live with him on his own farm as soon as he had earned enough to go on with the developments a lack of funds had compelled him temporarily to abandon. And she had spurned him as quickly and as contemptuously as she would have done a grocer's clerk in Tunbridge Wells. Which had abashed him not a bit. He would stop in Winnipeg, he laughed, and visit one of the employment agencies on his way to the farm. There he would pick him out a good girl who was strong and willing and offer her the job.

"You're not expecting there'll be much love lost between you and the girl you'll honor with your choice," snapped Nora on this occasion.

"What's love got to do with it?" he had queried blandly. "It's a business undertaking. I'll give her board and lodging, and the charm of my society, and in return she's got to cook and bake and wash and keep the shack clean and tidy. If she can do that, I'll not be particular what she looks like."

"I beg your pardon," Norah replied ironically. "I didn't know it was a general servant you wanted. You'll spend $1.50 on a marriage license and then you won't have to pay any wages. It's a good investment. O, I'd like to see you married to some one who'd give you what you deserve. You're overbearing, supercilious and egotistical."

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Meat Eaters and Meat Growers

By Philip R. Kellar

Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Our increasing population—all hungry for breakfast bacon in the morning and dinner steak at night—has shot far ahead of the meat p·oduction of the West. The old ranches have been cut up into farms; the range and the herds are gone. The new farmers have not yet begun to raise enough beef animals to take their place. Not only is this true of Canada, but it is also true of the United States. It is only a matter of a few years when instead of exporting meat to fill Canadian mouths, the United States will not have enough to feed her own. Those who know conditions prophesy a meat famine, unless present conditions are remedied. In this article Mr. Kellar gives some informative facts and figures that the western farmer would do well to study.*

IT has already come and something worse is on the way! Several years ago the farmers of Western Canada were warned by government officials, cattle men, dealers and others, that unless they increased their live stock growing we would be importing meat from the United States, even into Alberta, instead of exporting it. The reasons given were very simple and quite unanswerable—the breaking up of the great ranches and the large range herds, and the rapidly increasing population to feed.

That event took place some time ago. Now the worse thing that's on the way is the practical certainty that in a short time there will be no cattle to import from the United States! In less than fourteen years there will be no beef cattle in America either for export or for local consumption, if the rate of slaughter continues as it has for the last two years!

The daily papers' live stock market report for the day preceding the writing of this read as follows:

"Chicago, Sept. 8—Cattle—A generous supply of thin and half-fat cattle off dry pastures reached Chicago. Choice steers sold steady with late last week, but it was a peddling trade on an irregular basis for kinds selling under $8.25. Heavy beeves of ripe class stopped at $9.10 and best yearlings sold at $9.10, with two head at $9.25. *Few range cattle arrived and they sold steady.*"

Live Ten-year-old-Cow Worth More than $15 per Hundred Pounds

This little paragraph, printed in small type, in the back pages of the Chicago Record-Herald, was full of meaning to the one who has been puzzling over the increasing cost of beef and the future supply source.

The price quoted was not the top notch reached in the last three years by $1.00 per hundred pounds, but the fact that "inferior to fair steers" were quoted at from $6.75 to $7.75 in the face of "a generous supply" was eloquent testimony to the status of the beef cattle industry in the States. That generous supply was the result of the prolonged drought during the summer in the corn growing, cattle feeding sections of America. Their owners were forced to ship them to market, for lack of feed or good pasture to fatten or keep them through the winter. Despite the heavy shipments that had prevailed for several weeks prior to that day, the prices remained steady and high, and the prices were kept up because there are practically no reserve stocks in the States. The year 1914 will show practically no exports of American cattle, while in 1906 the exports amounted to approximately half a million head.

Alberta and Western Canada need not look to the States for much beef this year, or the next, or the next, unless they are willing to pay a great deal more than the Americans, and the American beef appetite is a strong, healthy appetite that won't be appeased so long as there are enough dollars in the strong box to buy a steak or a roast.

In 1907 there were 51,566,000 head of beef cattle in America, to furnish meat for about 88,000,000 people and leave some for hungry mouths in Canada and other countries. By 1912 there were 37,260,000 head to furnish meat for some 96,000,000 people and leave nothing for export.

It requires two to three years to grow beefsteak, and a ten-year-old cow to-day is worth more to the Canadian farmer who owns her than the money he could get if he should sell her for $15.00 a hundred pounds, live weight. For we cannot increase the cattle herds without cows—*and they're selling their cows for beef in America.* Kill the goose that lays the golden egg if you must be foolish, but hang on to the cow that will produce three golden calves in the next five years!

What The Cattle King of Calgary Says About the Cattle Question.

If you've got eight or ten big, fat steers ready for market, Mr. Canadian Farmer, sell them *and invest the proceeds in cows.* It may require a little close figuring for you to keep the first calves for three years, but think of what you'll have at the end of that time! And then think of what you'll have at the end of the five years!

Can't do it, you say? Must have all your land for wheat? What sort of people do you think your children and grandchildren will be if they live in the bracing climate of Canada on bread alone? What good will it do you for beef cattle to go to $11.00 or $12.00 or $15.00 if you have none to sell?

Here is the opinion of one of the biggest cattle feeders in Canada, Pat Burns, "The Cattle King of Calgary." He butchers nearly 50,000 head every year, and he has nearly half that many on his own ranges:

"Some farmers want to sell all their cattle, to be relieved of the trouble of caring for them. They say they are crowded out and want all their land for grain. That's nonsense. The country is full of grass. If a farmer keeps only a few cattle, as he can sell more feed a year, he will realize a handsome sum yearly. What would it cost? The cattle graze all summer and can be carried through the winter

months on straw and rough feed which would otherwise be lost.

"Years ago the statement was made and generally accepted that cattle could be raised with profit only by owners of very large herds who obtained grazing privileges over large areas of government lands at a very small cost. There was perhaps a time when such a statement was hard to dispute. The large ranchers exported their own cattle or sold to agents purchasing for export or for the abattoirs of eastern Canada, knowing that the local abattoirs could not handle their entire output. They thus left the man who raised a few cattle each year to supply local requirements. But as villages grew to towns and towns to cities, the local abattoirs required practically all the cattle that were raised.

"The development of the western provinces, and the steady influx of settlers and homesteaders seeking land for occupation, has made necessary the release of much of the land recently held under grazing privileges. The result is the breaking up of the large cattle herds, throwing the demands of this country, as well as the demand from England, upon the smaller stockmen and the general farmers, giving the latter a chance to engage in a profitable business from which they had long believed themselves shut out.

"It is imperative for the farmer to take advantage of his present opportunities. Whatever be the farmer's allegiance to wheat, it is in his best interest that he should not neglect his cattle. The demand for beef cattle in a growing country is as steady as the demand for wheat."

Oh, he's just a big cattleman, you say, and he doesn't know how much it costs to raise cattle on a small farm. Then listen to these facts, given to the public, as the results of experiments in feeding cattle in the open air, through the winter, at the Experimental Farm at Lacombe. The cattle were such as any farmer can buy at the ordinary market. The test was carried through three winters, on three different herds. The cattle were fed frosted wheat, barley, and oats, ground and mixed, the feeding trough being a flat-topped table with an edging to prevent waste. The roughage was straw, oat sheaves and hay, placed in racks formed partly by the corral fence. This was their only shelter.

Does It Pay To Sell Frosted Wheat at $1.28 per Bushel—on the Hoof?

In the winter of 1909-10 there were eighteen head fed for 109 days at a cost of $16.30 per head. The value added amounted to $30.65. The net value amounted to $14.35 per head, or $258.30 for the herd.

In the winter of 1910-11 the number fed was twenty; the cost was $26.06 per head for 155 days; the gross value added was $54.96, and the net value added was $28.90, or $578 for the herd.

In 1911-12 there were twenty head fed for 155 days at a cost of $24.95; the added value was $40.51, and the net value was $15.56 per head, or $295.64 for the herd.

There are very few farmers in any country who do not have some low-grade or frosted grain which could be used to feed and fatten twenty or more head of cattle; and practically every farmer has the land to furnish this number with spring, summer and autumn pasture.

And would it pay? The report of the experiment says in cold figures that as much as $1.28 for a poor bushel of non-marketable wheat was realized by its sale in the form of manufactured product, of beef. Would it pay? Figure it yourself. Would it?

Three tons of alfalfa would be worth $60.45 per acre; the timothy at a ton and a half was worth $14.70 per acre. A ton of alfalfa has a feeding value about equal to a ton of wheat bran for dairy cattle feed, and is more palatable. Alfalfa, oats and barley make an ideal combination for feeding cattle and I am sure that cattle can be fed on this ration to as high a degree of finish, and more economically than on corn. With alfalfa for roughage, the raising

CATTLE IN A BIG ALFALFA FINISHING PASTURE NEAR CALGARY, WHERE INTENSIVE CATTLE-RAISING HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE OLD RANGE METHODS

But what would be the matter with having an alfalfa field instead of planting all the land to wheat and oats and barley? Alfalfa is a great legume. The farmers of America are just beginning to realize its value, and its importance to general farming is so great that the International Harvester Company is spending a fortune in a campaign of education among the farmers of the States to induce them to plant more alfalfa. Under the direction of Professor Holden, the great corn expert, formerly of the Iowa State Agricultural College, special "alfalfa trains" are touring the Middle West, reaching as far as Colorado and up into the Pacific Northwest.

The growing of alfalfa in Western Canada is no longer an experiment. It is a proven crop. J. D. McGregor, of Brandon, who has devoted a great deal of time to the study of Western Canada agriculture, is an alfalfa convert, raising crops of three tons per acre on his own land.

"With beef at six cents a pound," said Mr. McGregor, "alfalfa has a feeding value of $20.16 per ton with a yield of three tons per acre, and timothy hay has a feeding value of $9.80. of more cattle, sheep and hogs, and the manufacture of more butter, will come as a natural sequence."

How many bushels of wheat would your land have to produce to enable you to get as much out of it as the $60.00 worth of beef which the alfalfa would produce? And remember that figure is based upon beef at six cents a pound, $6.00 per hundred and that "inferior steers" are selling at Chicago now for $7.00 a hundred.

What Has Happened to the Big Ranches That Used to Grow the Beef.

Perhaps another quotation from P. Burns might not be amiss here.

"Division of the large ranges into homesteads should not mean the extinction of the cattle industry," he said. "The grasses are just as nutritious, the climate is just as favorable for the raising and fattening of cattle as ever. When the years come—and they do come in every portion of the world—that the crops are not altogether successful, if the farmer then has a few head of stock which he can turn over to the buyer, it will be the means of providing him with ready cash at a time when it may be very necessary. Alberta is a great wheat country. It is also a great cattle country. There is no reason why this should not be a mixed-farming province. It has

changed from a cattle to a wheat country. Let the change not be too complete, or the effects may be far from what its best friends would wish."

How radical the change from a free range cattle country to a fenced grain farming province has been is graphically told by the passing of the great ranch companies in the last ten years.

The Cochrane ranch, west of Calgary, covered half a million acres and ran 12,000 head of cattle in 1905 when the herds were broken up and the land disposed of to the Mormon Church for colonization purposes.

KILL, IF YOU MUST, THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS, BUT HANG ON TO THE COW THAT WILL PRODUCE THREE GOLDEN CALVES IN AS MANY YEARS

The Waldron ranch, on the Old Man River between the Porcupine Hills and the Livingston range, was owned by Scotchmen who ran 12,000 head of cattle on the 50,000 acres of freehold and extensive government leases, but in 1907 the last of their herds were sold and the ranch broken up.

Fifteen years ago the Allans of Montreal started the Bar U ranch west of High River in the Porcupines, and a few years later sold it to George Lane. The Willow Creek ranch was added to it, and half a million acres were leased from the Canadian Pacific Railway on the north side of the Bow River, and at one time they were running 30,000 head of cattle. The herds are rapidly decreasing and there are not half as many as there once were. Lane has gone in extensively for mixed farming.

W. Roper Hull owned the Oxley ranch west of Nanton on the edge of the Porcupines, and at one time had 12,000 head of cattle running on the 10,000 acres of freehold and large government leases. The settlement of the province forced a reduction of the herds to fewer than 5,000 head.

The Circle ranch, owned by W. G. Conrad & Company, of Montana, was established in Canada thirteen years ago in charge of Howell Harris, and at one time ran 18,000 head here, but this number has been reduced by 10,000 or more.

There was a time, not ten years ago, when the Turkey Track ranch herds numbered 28,000 head, on the White Mud River south of Swift Current. The ranch was owned by the Creswell Cattle Company of Trinidad, Colorado, and was in charge of Tony Day, a pioneer cowman from the Texas Panhandle. Creswell died in 1907 and the herd was broken up.

The 3 U C ranch was owned by the Spencers, Sam and John, who came from Montana. Their range was along the lower Milk River and they ran 15,000 head in the old days, but the number is not more than 9,000 now. Sam Spencer died in 1908 and his son-in-law, Billy Taylor, took up the reins.

One of the big old ranches is still in existence. That is the Milk River Cattle Company's ranch, owned by A. E. Philps and the Honorable Clifford Sifton. The herds have been reduced from 8,000 head to half that number.

Some thirteen years ago Pat Burns bought the Oxley ranch from W. R. Hull. The P. Burns Company bought and leased lands in various parts of Alberta to grow cattle for the butcher business, and now owns or controls in addition to the Oxley ranch, the Mackie of 150,000 acres on the Milk River in Southern Alberta; the Quirk of 6,000 acres, southwest of Calgary; the Imperial, 5,000 acres, north of the Big Red Deer river; two ranches twelve miles east of Olds and Didsbury, of 3,000 and 5,000 acres respectively. In addition this company has many acres of leases. Burns feeds from 17,000 to 20,000 cattle every winter, but he cannot be called an old cattleman. He does not maintain a breeding herd, but uses his property for fattening purposes only. The P. Burns company has a number of butcher shops scattered through the west, and slaughters about 50,000 head every year.

The herds of the I. V. ranch, owned by Maunsell Brothers, of Macleod, between the Belly and the Bow rivers, have been reduced from 12,000 to 8,000 head.

The Matadore Land & Cattle Company, of Trinidad, Colorado, has ranches in Texas, Colorado and North Dakota in addition to their ranch about a hundred miles north of Swift Current. This company runs about 7,500 head in Canada, shipping 2,500 every year from their Texas ranges.

There is nothing left of the herd of 10,000 cattle which once ran under the Conrad-Price Cattle Company brand in the sandhill country north of Maple Creek. And Lem Pruitt who drove 6,000 head from the Texas Panhandle into Canada in 1905, and ranged them sixty miles south of Medicine Hat, is out of a job.

Why Pork and Mutton Are Quicker Crops Than Prime Beef.

There are many other companies and individual ranchers who have "quit the business" because the farmer has forced them to get off the range. The few instances cited however, show a decrease of more than 100,000 head of cattle in a few years, while the population of the provinces has been increasingly rapidly.

It's up to the farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, to step into the breach, give us beef to eat, and incidentally line their pocket books with gold.

So much for the cattle. But beef isn't the only meat that meat eaters want and meat growers can grow in this country. There are hogs, and there are sheep. Pork and mutton are quicker crops than beef. You can grow them in the same length of time it takes for you to grow wheat or oats or barley—and the profit is bigger.

Wheat fed to hogs for fattening requires 420 pounds, or seven bushels, to make 100 more pounds of pork. You know that pork hasn't been lower than $4.50 a hundred pounds, in Alberta, for a good many years. It hasn't gone below $7.00 for three years. Sixty-

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Greater Love Hath No Man

By James B. Connolly

Illustrated by Howard Heath

CHARLIE WING SAID SOMETHING IN CHINESE, AND TURNED—A QUICK MAN, BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH

THERE was a boarding house in San Francisco—the roof could be seen from the tops of any ship in the stream, and frequented mostly by ship captains it was—a great place, with Mrs. Mangan always there to put the good heart into everybody.

A fine old lady Mrs. Mangan, and the prettiest girl, they say, when she married Mangan. A notably quiet man, Mangan, except for the twice a year or so when he exploded in the grand spree which kept his vessel in port for an extra week or two. But he was lost at sea, leaving a son, Bat, who grew up into one of the dare-devil skippers of the west coast.

Not a port from Magellan to Bering Sea that didn't have a story of Bat. A wild one, but great-hearted, too, who made and spent a half dozen fortunes in his time, and came home one day with a beautiful Chilean wife, not so very long before he was lost. A foolish thing, but he said he was going to make a port that night. Gale or no gale he would—he'd come to moorings. And so he did: and took all hands with him.

He left a little baby girl, which old Mrs. Mangan took care of, for the Chilean wife did not live long after Bat was lost; and Chiquita grew up, and was so pretty that the boarders went daft about her and spoiled her, as such men will. Great men of their kind, who gave, and took, easily.

Jack Gately came to know her while she was still little, because the house they lived in was owned by his father. Later, after the death of Jack's father, who drank himself straight into the grave when Jack's mother died, old Mrs. Mangan used to call him in to give him cookies; and, of course, any boy would like to be asked in there to see the big ship captains and hear them tell of the strange places they had been to. And the talk of these wide-sailing ship masters got into Jack's blood so that he enlisted in the navy to see the world.

It was when he came back from his first apprentice cruise that the beauty of Chick Mangan burst on him like a night shell on the target range. A flame of color and warmth it was; and not to Jack alone. On the street hardly a man passed, and women, too, but turned to look again. It used to make Jack quiver just to sit near her; and when she kissed him, that trembled even at the thought of it, and of her own accord—the two alone in her grandmother's parlor the day he was to sail again—it was like a torch to his soul.

And straight from that to the China station he went and put in three years there, regularly getting letters from her, scrawly letters, for she could not spell overwell, but more to make his heart jump in a dozen lines than in all the books of poetry in the ship's library. And he used to write her long letters, too. And not a thing he saw in the East but he would wonder what she would think or say of it; not a thing he bought but he wondered would she like it; and for weeks before he got his discharge he thought of little else but how she would look and act. Would she kiss him again? He was all of a tremble coming up the street from the dock, and arriving at the door of the old boarding house, he was gasping like a man who had just run a long race.

"She's upstairs somewhere," said Grannie Mangan, when she had done crying over him. And he went up to find her.

He imagined her as knowing that his ship was in and waiting for him in the same old parlor alone, and so he did not knock. But she was not alone, did not hear the door turn. It was a steamer captain with her, Prady, who was said to make out of smuggling—silks, opium, Chinamen, one thing and another—many times what his captain's pay amounted to. Prady, sidewise to the doors, was bending over her. And she let him take the kiss!

Jack's heart gripped small within him and he backed out and drew the door to, but not without being heard. Prady's challenging voice called out "Who's there?" and Jack, having it in his mind to beat up Prady, re-entered. But seeing her he forgot his resolution.

"Jack! Jack! O Jackie, but the man you've grown to be!"

"Yes, and the woman you've grown to be!"

She misunderstood, and gave him such a smile that, had it lasted, Jack could not have held out; but greeting his eyes fairly, she could not fail to understand. Such bewilderment, such shame to her—

"O Jackie!"

"O Jackie!" he mimicked her, cruelly. "And so you've struck your colors, Chick—my colors, too? And your letters, were they nothing but to blind me? How long has it been going on?"

It had all happened so quickly. She ran for the door as it closed behind him.

"O Jackie! Jackie! But I wasn't bad! No, not bad, Jackie! Don't

think that!" But he was already gone, running like one afevered.

Whatever Prady may have done before, he did the right thing now. "Look here, Chick, I see where that lad didn't get things right. What'll I do? Say it; anything to make it right. Anything, I say—and that means *anything*."

"Oh, go away, go away, Captain Prady," she sobbed.

That night, for the first time in his life, Jack Gately got drunk. Chick sent for Prady and he went out to find Jack; and, locating him, reported to Chick. "Go back there," ordered Chick. "I'll follow you."

Prady entered the drinking place and pleaded with him, as well as he could with so many within hearing. But no use; the lad was just that age. All the stories that ever he heard from fo'c's'le rovers were sounding in his ears and their one moral borne out. Women, women. Huh! He himself had not patrolled the far ports without knowing something of that. And from such surprising quarters! And not alone from those who had the name of it! What might have happened to him could surely have happened to others, as others had said, and not alone from those who had the name of it—O Woman!

"DO YOU REMEMBER THE LITTLE GIRL WHO USED TO LOOK FROM HER WINDOW ACROSS TO YOU IN YOUR WINDOW, MORNINGS?"

If the flooding tide of idealism had hitherto borne him in high, clean waters, so now its ebbing had left him on murky, wreck-marked shores. And Prady was the last man to influence him now. Prady! He recollected now that on his way up from the dock the day before he had met an old chum who had said, "Know this Captain Prady? Well, he calls around there pretty often, he does." No more than that; but enough now, remembering what he had seen and what he had had in mind. Since that day before, he had been wondering what weakness possessed him not to beat this man up. So now he flouted Prady, and Prady, not overtrained to deference, had to talk back to some extent. Enough. Hardly time for Prady to guard, after the word passed, before Gately was on him.

A powerful man Prady and wily as a serpent, but this boy could have battled toe to toe with the great John L. himself and made him break ground that night. He smothered Prady, hit him so fast and often that before the other well he knew was fighting at all he was a beaten man. From the corner Jack dragged him across the room, hove him through the swinging doors and out into the street.

Prady came as near to achieving heroism then as a man in his position might. He picked himself up and, bleeding and disheveled, carried the word to the waiting Chick. "You couldn't expect me to hang around after that could you, Chick?"

She, who had caught intermittent glimpses of it through the window, was thinking more of Jack than of Prady. What a man he had grown to be! "No, captain. I'll wait myself now. Good night."

And she waited, did proud Chick, lurking like an outcast in the shadows, with a patrolling policeman and the passing throng viewing her shrinking figure, speculatively. When he came out she would speak to him; and his companions, whatever sort of men they might be, could think what they pleased. And he came out at last, but she did not speak. No man, or men, but a girl with him! Poor

SHE WAITED, DID PROUD CHICK, LURKING LIKE AN OUTCAST IN THE SHADOWS

Chick drew back, but not before the woman had seen her, and seeing, laughed. 'Twas plain enough, a discarded acquaintance of her handsome sailor's. She laughed again, and this time Jack took notice. He saw a woman's figure shrink into the doorway, knew not what kind she was; only that here was one woman jeering at another. He stopped.

"Here," he said to the girl at his side, and from a thick roll gave her a large bill. "Good night."

The girl eyed him and eyed the roll. He was good to look at, and he surely carried a lot of money with him.

"W-w-hy—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. You needn't feel bad now, you're all right; but good night."

Chick from her doorway saw the parting, and the tears came to her eyes; and she was not one to cry easily. She saw him continue his way, entering a street that led toward her home. In wild hope she followed, only to see him enter the door of what had once been

his home, but was now owned by Charlie Wing.

She knew of this Charlie Wing, as who did not? Chick went home, but her bed brought her no sleep that night.

It was next day that Dan Lappen came around to the boarding house. As wild, and in his way as foolishly romantic a fellow, Lappen, as ever beat through the Golden Gate. It was Lappen who once stood on the steps of her grandmother's boarding house after a successful cruise with a bundle of new five-dollar bills in the open palm of his hand, and blew them off one by one and kept saying, "Lord in heaven, see 'em sail!" while the wind was floating them down the street.

Foolish? Maybe. But if 'twas Chick Mangan looking at you from behind the curtains, and possibly thinking you a wonder for it? Lappen wouldn't have mourned a million five-dollar bills that day, for after it he performed the most thrilling deed of all his life—a kiss stolen from Chick. It was from that day he began to cherish the hope of sometime marrying her.

"Some day you'll be marryin,' I s'pose, Chick?" he said to her now, after some desultory conversation, as he had a hundred times before in just that tone. And in the same old words she answered, "Surely, some day," only now without the smile or the blush.

"And what kind of a man?"

"Oh-h, I don't know—" wearily—"a man with lots of money, I suppose."

Lappen leaped up. "Then I'll make the money—

O-ho, we'll sail in the morn
For the Golden Horn!

He danced a few steps to show how merry he felt. "Oh, those were the days, Chick! A man had a chance then with no everlastin' laws to crowd him."

Chick had to smile at him, which pleased him rarely. "Do you think I wouldn't, Chick? That's no joke, Chick. I would—to make a fortune for you."

"Yes?" Chick had been staring at him, absently. "Would you truly?" She nursed this newborn thought.

Then, "You can do better than make money, captain—and please me, too."

"Name it, Chick—name it."

"You know Jack Gately?"

"Jack Gately's boy? The lad that used to sit around here by the hour and never a word but listenin' while we were seein' who could tell the biggest lie—that little fellow?"

"Yes, but a big fellow now. And you know Charlie Wing's place?"

"On the other side of this block—silk store on the lower floor and gamblin' joint topside?"

"That's it. And you know Charlie Wing?"

"I sure do."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"You don't want to have anything to do with him, Chick."

"I know; but what kind is he?"

"M-m—a great fellow, Chick—in his way. Makes cargoes of money—and spends it. One quarter Chinese, though hardly showin' it. No Chinese laundryman kind, that chap. A swell dresser. Too swell, some say; but I don't know. And if——"

But Chick was speaking. "I want you to see if Jack's there to-night, and if he is get him away from there. You knew his father, his mother, and the great kind they were. He's the last of his people. A pity if he went wrong. Get hold of him, captain. Get him away, away from wrongdoing, till he comes to himself."

So Lappen went around the block to Charlie Wing's and found Gately. Even while Lappen stood by he saw the lad lose a year's rent of his father's houses, and Lappen, still standing by, saw Charlie Wing offer Jack his whole pile back.

He saw the young fellow's eyes narrow. "Why?"

"I knew your father," said Charlie Wing.

"A good many people knew my father. Some he'd better not known. That money? Not much. But I'll take a cigar," and he did, from off the sideboard. And lit up and went on, "Because I feel I'm entitled to it like any other customer," and snapped the burned match across the room, and Lappen noticed that it went where it had been aimed, plumb center into the silver-mounted cuspidor.

"Good shot, Jack," said Lappen.

Gately turned, and instantly remembered the sealing captain who had been one of his boyish admirations.

"What gets me," observed Lappen genially, "is to see a lad of your kind puttin' in so much time and money and gettin' so little action for it."

"Why, what's better going now?"

"Why don't you take a cruise with me?"

"Seal-hunting?"

"Wait, now—just a minute, now. Come over here where the whole room can't hear us. Listen, now. I'm goin' raidin'—rookeries or anywhere I find 'em—the len'th and brea'th of the Pacific, from the Japan coast clear on 'round. Season or no season, law or no law, but——"

"But what?"

"Warships, cruisers, gunboats chasin' you. Japan, Russia, England and our own country all on the watch. Maybe sink us, kill a few of us—whole crew, maybe. It's takin'—I want to warn you now—it's takin' big chances," and from the corner of his eye Lappen watched Gately's eyes, curiously.

"I'll go."

Lappen returned to Chick with his report but not telling her everything. "Seal-huntin', Chick," was how he put it. "And I'll come back with a pile to——"

"Never mind the pile. Come back with Jack Gately—the old Jack Gately. And good luck and fair wind, captain."

Lappen took her offered hand and held it.

"Once you—you once—remember, Chick?"

"Much I knew then. I couldn't—couldn't—nor ever again, Captain Lappen. 'Twasn't right."

"Not right? No? Well, as you say, Chick, though Lord knows if ever we'll meet again. Good-by."

At dawn he sailed through the Golden Gate, and with him was Jack Gately.

From the terrace of the great hotel where they had been lunching they could look out over the bay; though only Chick was looking out—Macron was looking at Chick.

"The Golden Gate!" murmured Chick. "The ships, and the fine men who have sailed out of here—and never come back!"

Macron heard, but he said nothing for a while. "Yes," agreed Macron; then, softly, "the grand, great-hearted men." And, after another pause, "I suppose the greatest-hearted men of all are sailors. There was your father, and your father's father, great men both. And now this great lad, Jack Gately; though he may not be gone after all."

"No, he may not. But three years now since Captain Lappen was lost, and if he is not dead, too, then he must hate his home—not to come back to it. And if he does hate it, who made him? And if he is dead, who drove him to it? Me, either way. If he lives, he hates my very name. If he is dead, then he died thinking I was—what I was not. And he had a right to think so."

"Well, but supposing he were to come back, why couldn't you tell——"

"N-no—I couldn't."

"Couldn't tell him, as you told me after that first time I asked you to marry——"

"I couldn't—I couldn't." He winced, but still she went on, "I know I couldn't. Maybe if I was dying I could. Because he'd know then I wasn't explaining to gain something for myself."

"Well, don't talk of dying yet, Chick. And don't be too sure he's lost."

"He is to me—I feel it—forever."

"Then why not try to forget it all?"

"And why should I try to save myself grief?"

"Well, then, grief to those near

you? Why not go away somewhere—abroad? You have only to say the word. Isn't there some place you'd like particularly to go?"

"No place. Sometimes though," she turned from her study of the bay, "sometimes I've thought I'd like to see my mother's city, Valparaiso."

"Why not? I'll take you — and Grannie with us. But you know what that means, Chick. I mean you'll marry or not, as you please only if you don't so many people will talk—even with Grannie along."

"They've talked of me before, I'm afraid—me from out of a sailor's boarding house."

"Then they never let me hear them, Chick. And if you would, Chick, I know it might save me, too, for I've had to try to forget things."

"And you can't?"

"I never could—quite—till I met you. Yes, Chick, we'll go to Valparaiso and look up your mother's people. And then we'll go across the country to Buenos Ayres, and then up the coast to Rio. There's a place near Rio, Chick, up in the mountains; Rio's hot, but this is up about three thousand five hundred feet, cool always, but never too cool. You ascend by a little cable railway. And as you go up the mountain peaks keep opening up before you, sometimes only a little of the sky to be seen. Looks like a Japanese flower garden when you get there groves and walks

So different from the rough hills about, all finished, polished; an artificial river running through the center, with little bridges——"

"Do you like artificial things?"

"Well, I don't, to tell the truth. But it's a lovely spot and I thought it might please you, being in that same South America where your mother was born. But there's Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, and a place in Switzerland—a little chalet looking down on a valley where there are cow bells and babies and sheep running around loose, a green place where mill wheels clack and the water runs on like bells ringing. And listen, there's a place I know, a little hamlet away up in Norway, where the midnight sun is. You can see it fall down there, as if 'twas going to drop, sizzling, into the Arctic—but it doesn't. It swings down and swings up, but doesn't dip in—not for a whole three months.

JACK LOOKED BEYOND CHARLIE WISE, AND THERE HE SAW CHICK RESTING HER HEAD IN THE

"And listen. It would salve the sorest soul. It blooms there, the spray blots out the very heavens at times. And there's a little church on the mainland set up on a green knoll—the only green among all that gray rock—and a white cross above the white steeple, and on Sunday mornings the old bells toll for the people of the islands and they come rowing across the fjord, men and women both to the oars, in boats like they used a thousand years ago.

"And you can sit there and watch all that, the tide racing between the two rocky islets, and the ocean rolling, rolling, always rolling, so that, before you know, you're trying to count the pulse of it, and between the beats of it your own heart quiets—and you forget. I've gone there, Chick, feeling like—" He stopped, smiled slowly, and then, "A queer place, Chick, the veranda of a hotel, to be making love—that is, making it so you won't scandalize a dozen people almost within hearing and a hundred within easy eyeshot. But you don't give me many chances, Chick, and I must make the most of one when I get it. But"—his searching eyes noted now the tired look

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Concerning Greta Greer

Part II.

IN WHICH THE LITTLE SCHOOL-TEACHER PADS A PAIR OF PALE-BLUE CORSETS THAT NEVER WERE MEANT FOR HER SLIM WAIST-MEASURE

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strangely moved on learning his chosen profession, and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs Threckmeyer, a cheerfully ungrammatical matron, Miss Kelly, a little school-teacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the case excitedly. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer, and determines to protect her if need should arise.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Hobson blushed a little and laughed. He explained that he had known Miss Greer by sight for a long time; his business took him every six months to London, and the rest of the year he spent in New York. "I am always running into her somewhere," he said. "One day it will be in Curzon Street or driving in the Row with no end of swells and the next, she'll be in some low looking joint, and alone. Once on a trip crossing, I tried to speak to her, she seemed so much alone and—er—queer, you know, but—" Judson burst out laughing again, "—but she froze me so I had a bad attack of influenza as soon as I got to London. Oh dry up, Jud, don't be an ass!"

"How interesting!" murmured Dare, "and what of her family?"

"Damned if I know! Don't seem to have any, though I have heard it said that she isn't received by them, has an assumed name and all that. She seems to have plenty of money however, and with that you don't need much of a family."

Seeing Dare's face, he checked a laugh and rose from the table. "Have a smoke with us, Doc.?"

"Some other time, with pleasure," answered Dare, rising too.

A heavy sea and a very high wind were responsible for deserted decks all the afternoon. Many vacancies at the dinner table made it an easy matter for Dare to have a few words with the captain.

"Your passengers are not very good sailors," he said, pleasantly.

"Oh, give them time," laughed the other, "we are not fairly out you might say, and anyway it is not always *mal de mer* which keeps them to their staterooms, you know, Doctor. There is nothing like a ship for bringing out people's idiosyncrasies! Why, a lady once told me that she stayed in her cabin the whole trip across because the man who was put next to her at the table wore creaky collars. Another time, a gentleman asked to have his seat changed because his neighbor's bangles got on his nerves. Now in an ordinary hotel dining room these things would pass unnoticed, but in a ship—well we all are a little mad in spots, aren't we?"

Billy Cunningham joined them and the three walked a few moments in silence.

"Where is the stately girl reminding one of foaming absinthe—if there is such a thing?" he asked at length.

"Miss Greer?"

There never seemed to be any conjecture as to the person meant after one had described Greta Greer.

"I suppose so. Greer—yes, that's the name. I have a great many friends who know her, unless she is not the girl I mean—daughter of the late Horace Greer?"

"She's *not*!" answered the captain shortly, and with a few perfunctory words turned away.

Billy loooked after him in puzzled surprise.

"My, I wonder if his mother knows what an awful temper he's got," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Guess I'll go talk to Judson and Hobson."

It occurred to the doctor to watch his retreating figure, half resentful of the coming conversation with the two travellers. But instead of turning into the smoking-room Billy moved steadily in the direction of the wireless station and Dare saw him no more that evening.

Maggie Kelly spent the following morning in her stateroom. Since it had pleased the famous Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer to gaze with favor upon her, and since Mr. Cunningham had seen fit to single her out for his attentions, it was incumbent of her to make the most of her opportunities. She dragged out her steamer trunk and went carefully through the contents. It did not take long.

There was a cream colored crepe trimmed with bunches of coy little pink rosebuds made of silk; a few of these looked crushed; Miss Kelly pinched them into shape with skilled

GRETA GREER'S DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND TO CUNNINGHAM IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE ROOM WERE BLAZING WITH JEWELS

fingers and smiled a little as she did so. There was a wine colored poplin made in the latest mode although by an inexperienced hand, for the many drapings of the skirt gave it an awkward rather than a graceful appearance. It had a full and puffy look, but the owner smiled still more kindly upon this creation and laid it upon her berth, spending quite fifteen minutes adjusting the gathering at the knee by means of a piece of elastic. Even then it did not look smooth. She next took stock of her under-clothes—not a very tedious proceeding, for she intended to reduce laundry as much as possible and bought an outfit of cotton crepe for travelling. So far it had proved extremely satisfactory. Ah, a pair of very nice corsets. It would appear that Maggie knew something of corsets as well as minerals and nebular theories. She looked at them with a seriously critical eye. The smile had vanished completely.

They were blue satin corsets laced with elastic half way down and with blue ribbon laces the rest of the way. Around the top was a frill of wide valenciennes, made into Frenchy little rosettes here and there. The rosettes received the most careful scrutiny, and then Maggie Kelly rose from the floor and held the blue corsets up to her slim self. They seemed too large.

"A few pads," she said in a whisper, "will fix them all right."

It took the rest of the morning to make suitable pads for the corsets, but when the last thread was bitten off, there seemed even greater cause for satisfaction than before, and as Miss Kelly locked her trunk she hummed a little tune.

During that same morning Greta Greer had tossed miserably in her bed. She was very ill. Since the first night at dinner she had eaten nothing and even now the thought of food nauseated her. Once the stewardess had knocked more loudly than was her wont and had insisted upon handing the invalid a cup of coffee and some toast, but she closed the door resentfully, finding that even as ministering angel her presence was not desired, nor was it tolerated an instant longer than necessary, at the door of the stateroom.

She could do no more than enlarge to Mrs. Threckmeyer upon the fact that she feared the poor young lady was one of the band of iniquitous women who bartered their souls to the devil and smoked cigarettes.

The stewardess herself had been brought up in a family of shouting Hornerites, and had a penchant for mild gossip.

Upon awakening, the girl looked around the stateroom and shuddered. It was so sordid and cramped. Her

MISS KELLY PINCHED THE ROSEBUDS INTO SHAPE AND GLANCED AT THE PALE BLUE CORSETS REFLECTIVELY

eyes were attracted by the glitter of jewels on the dressing table. She remembered having got them out, chains, pendants, necklaces, bracelets, even an old fashioned tiara, which had been picked up on the continent; she remembered putting them on—all. And now there was nothing but a memory!

Someone knocked.

"Who is there?"

"The stewardess with coffee. The captain sent his compliments and hoped that Miss Greer was better."

With a nervous look about the room the girl rose unsteadily to her feet and opened the door just wide enough to take in the tray. Then with a sigh she sank back on her little lace pillow and closed her eyes.

Languor did not last long; the old aching, gnawing misery returned; the pitiful, helpless feeling a woman has when she looks a struggle in the face, shudders, and knows herself unequal to it.

"I can't go on alone," moaned Greta Greer into her pillow. "I can't go on! Five more hideous days and still more hideous nights! I am haunted with the feeling that they all know! God—the woman in the steerage was right, and I am wrong. She had not learned enough to make her miserable."

There were voices outside. Ah, those awful men, Hobson and Judson! She was sure that *they* knew. Well, what of it she argued; no one would believe them if they told. Yes, something contradicted, Mrs. Threckmeyer would; she was just the sort of woman who gloated over scandal and who loved telling choice bits of it when it concerned people above her walk in life. It seemed to bring them nearer her respectable level.

The girl writhed at her own impotence and lost the thread of her thoughts. She reached out her long restless fingers and took up a box containing many kinds of cigarettes. After a moment's hesitation she selected an expensive gold-tipped Egyptian, and lighted it.

Of what had she been thinking? Something horrible, of course. Remorse and horror are closely akin. Her eyes rested on the mass of jewelry and singled out a piece of chrysoprase—a particular favourite of hers; she wondered vaguely if Mrs. Threckmeyer knew the stone. Then it came back to her what she had been thinking, and she sat up trying to concentrate. If Mrs. Threckmeyer knew through Hobson and Judson, perhaps the jade, malachite and chrysoprase would buy her silence, at least until they reached London. After that it would not matter so much. She ground her teeth picturing Mrs. Threckmeyer's enjoyment as she gloated over the minute details to Dr. Dare. There was the seat of the trouble—she did not want Dr. Dare to know.

Then the uselessness of trying to barter her jewels to Mrs. Theckmeyer for silence forced itself upon her. The woman was rolling in wealth and what would equal the delight of doling out tit-bits of scandal? She went over and over the situation, sometimes staring with hopeless misery at the ceiling

and again burying her face in the pillow and beating the covers with her clenched hands.

Finally Greta Greer sent for the captain.

"I can't stand myself any longer," she said, "and I loathe the passengers this time. Nothing would induce me to leave my room now. Will you smoke?" She offered him a jeweled cigarette case.

Captain Myles hesitated the fraction of a second, but just long enough for the girl to notice his uncertainty. "Benson and Hedges"—she said bitterly. "They won't hurt you—you can trust me now."

"Forgive me," his voice was penitent, pleading, "I am clumsier than ever."

She did not answer but lay back at full length on the leather couch.

"Will you do me a favour?" asked the man, seating himself beside her and looking earnestly at her.

Though her hair was unbound, it clung closely to her small shapely head. The dull green of her embroidered dressing-gown brought out the bluish whiteness of her skin, her long, restless fingers fascinated him. He repeated the question, looking at the smoke which curled from her cigarette.

"You know I hate these unveiled mysteries," she answered a little petulantly. "Who wants to make a promise in the dark? I can't think you are going to ask me to make this my last offence, Gregory, and the other thing—it is as impossible to-day as it was years ago. I'm sorry."

She held out her hand and the captain took it in a close clasp. Then he kissed it tenderly and let it fall.

"No, I know you too well to ask you either of those things—now. There is something different, quite different." he paused a moment, then said distinctly but quietly, "I want you to see Dr. Dare."

They looked at each other in silence for what seemed a long time, before the girl spoke. Her question was apparently irrelevant.

"What day is this, and what time of day?"

Without seeming to notice the strangeness of the question, Captain Myles answered her.

"Is that all? And shall we have a calm trip, Gregory?"

He shook his head. "Who can say—it was rough this morning and yesterday, but there is no sign of an immediate storm. Will you let me send Dare down, Greta, dear?"

He leaned close to her and laid his hand on her blue-black hair. The touch seemed to quiet her, for she closed her eyes almost, and ceased fingering the gold dragon on her gown.

Encouraged, the man bent still closer, until he could feel her breath on his cheek. Then quite suddenly he slipped to the floor on his knees and gathered the girl in his strong arms.

"Greta!" he whispered, brokenly.

Unmoved, unstirred by his passion, she looked at him through half closed eyes.

"I wish I could, Gregory—I wish I could! You are my only friend and you have been everything to me. But I can't give it up, dear boy, I can't. Won't you leave me now and I will think over what you have said while I am dressing for dinner?"

Gregory Myles rose unsteadily to his feet. He hated himself for his loss of control, and for a fleeting instant he hated the woman who had such boundless power over him, perhaps by reason of her very coldness.

"So you will come to dinner?" he forced himself to say. "I am very glad. Is there anything more I can do?"

The girl shook her head listlessly. "I am better now, thank you, you always chase away the blue devils——for the moment," she hastened to add, seeing him hesitate on the threshold, and move towards her.

Billy Cunningham passed the door just then.

To him it seemed as though the room glowed with the light of many jewels, and he frowned.

CHAPTER VI.

THE little school ma'am made a sensation in her wine colored dress—at least Billy Cunningham told her she did. But Dare would have said it was because she immediately preceded Greta Greer into the saloon—in fact he did not see Miss Kelly at all.

Dressed in green of course—velvet, heavily embroidered in a raised design of grapes and vines, the pale, unusual-looking woman caused more of a stir than she did the first evening at sea. Green chiffon covered her neck and arms and an over dress of it fell in clinging lines nearly to her knees. On her neck, under the chiffon, gleamed emeralds set in oblong bars of gold. These were caught together by strings of tiny pearls, and from the centre of the chain hung a single stone, shimmering like a drop of the green sea. Long ear-rings to match caught the light at every movement of the girl's head, and at times Dare fancied he could see a pale, translucent shadow on her neck.

Mrs. Threckmeyer was glittering from head to foot, and that fact alone prevented her from falling a prey to the pangs of jealousy. She admired the jewels Miss Greer wore and said so. She would like to see the stones at close range and compare them with her own, although the setting of the Threckmeyer collection was less artistic.

"Mrs. Beaufort had magnificent emeralds," said Dare's companion, with a look in her eyes which told him that she dreaded yet felt impelled to speak of the robbery. He felt he must ascertain the reason for her peculiar attitude.

"You know Mrs. Beaufort?"

"N-n-o, I don't know her, but I know what her jewels are like. Oh, Dr. Dare," she blurted in a frightened whisper, "I'm in awful trouble and I want your help. Will you get Mr. Cunningham and bring him to my stateroom to-morrow morning? I will have thought out what I want to say by then."

Without giving him time to answer Mrs. Threckmeyer rose from the table and lurched unsteadily from the room.

Dare was not the only one who looked covertly at Miss Greer while trying to put intelligent interpolations in the conversation addressed to him. Billy Cunningham and Miss Kelly were equally interested, though they meant to hide the fact from each other, and when, separately, they were discovered by Dare, flushed with obvious annoyance. After dinner both Cunningham and the claret-clad school teacher went to their several staterooms, the one to busy himself for the rest of the night in his own peculiar way and the other to sit very still, chin on hand, and think. Finally she got out a manicure set, but instead of beautifying her finger nails, she ripped the trimming off a perfectly new hat.

Mrs. Threckmeyer did not send for Dare, on the following morning and he disliked the idea of intruding upon her in case she had changed her mind. Cunningham had disappeared since dinner time the night before and most of the passengers seemed to have followed his example. There was a heavy sea rolling and the barometer predicted a bad storm. To the doctor the morning was uneventful. So had been the previous evening.

He had lingered at the table with the hope of having a few words with Greta Greer, but she had risen, and left the room with the captain. He had purposely passed close to her on deck only to receive an abstracted stare. Her companion was speaking earnestly, evidently urging a distasteful course of action upon her, and she had gone to her stateroom early without giving him a chance to bid her good night. Her attitude and the captain's puzzled him, and the stormy morning brought no solution to the mystery. Throwing away the end of a cigarette, Dare rose from his chair in the smoking room.

"It must be lunch time," he said,

Continued on page 409

WHERE THE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR GO THERE IS NO PARLOR CAR AND MOVING CAMP IS A PRIMITIVE SORT OF CEREMONY

Ahead of the Tracklayer

VIGNETTES OF THE LIFE AT THE RAILHEAD AND THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP

By Denis Crane

Illustrated from Photographs

SOME of the most interesting features of great human undertakings are those that are impermanent.

Whereas the biggest wonders in the world become stable by familiarity, that which is transient at once strikes the attention. It bursts upon our consciousness, shouts a genial "Now or never," and then disappears.

And with it often disappear brilliant pages of romance. Your modern railway, for instance, with its ordered life, its rules and regulations, its scheduled rates and uneventful runnings, may have its astounding aspects, but the whole thing is so integral a part of our life that it ceases to attract. It is like porridge every morning

Yet what a thrilling story might be told of the days of its construction. How the Durham folk must have marvelled when Puffing Billy, with much snorting, made his first trip. (By the way, why have locomotives since changed their sex?) And how the prairie pioneer must have watched for the approach of the grading gang as the first railways began their revolutionizing work in the khaki West and brought steel to grain.

In England, the home of the steam-engine, even construction work has reached the prosaic stage—there are no forests to penetrate, no vast unpopulated distances to span, no simple folk to astonish. The navvy is an accepted member of his community, his work being now chiefly that of repair and maintenance.

In Canada, on the other hand, railway building is still in its infancy, or at the most its early youth. Feats as great as any in the past have yet to be achieved. Thousands of miles of bush, scores of rivers, hundreds of mountains and hills, have still to be pierced, or bridged, or tunnelled, before railway communication can be said to be equal to the need.

And these gigantic tasks are every week being essayed Thus, away up at the steel-head, and in the construction camp, life is still more or less rough, and more or less romantic

It is worth a trip to either to study human nature under conditions entirely free from pose and artificiality. Suppose that a section has been built and twice or thrice a week a train is running. It will be what is called a "mixed train" and its time schedule will be both generous and elastic. There will be freight cars of sorts, carrying goods to the pioneers and material for the contractors, and at the tail, a passenger coach. Here will be found picturesque men of every kind on every sort of business—laborers, drummers, prospectors, sportsmen, managers, immigrants, and,—clearly out of their environment—perchance a tourist or two.

The pace is leisurely, and at a score of points you drop off and wander about the track, chatting with a nearby settler, or heaving a stone at a prairie chicken or a chipmunk that ventures into view. Sometimes the engineer and his fireman stretch themselves in the shade until the signal comes to proceed.

At the journey's end is a scene animated and unique. A big shack or two have been run up by enterprising individuals, who, for some time to come, will hold you in the hollow of their hand.

These shacks form a kind of embryonic station and exchange and mart. The business of the district is done here, from the cashing of a money order, to the serving of a "quick lunch" or the purchase of a horse and if the distance from the nearest town is considerable, prices will be proportionately high. A "lunch" of vegetable soup, mountain goat (it may be) and fruit tart, with a cup of indistinguishable tea or coffee, served *en famille* and "everybody help themselves" will cost from fifty to a hundred cents

The arrival of the train is an event to which settlers ride or drive in for miles around. A grey old-timer, who has neither rig nor [illegible] tramps in on foot. The ranch boy comes in with his gun slung across his saddle. The ranch owner honks up

in his automobile—a machine that has a short and exciting life on these hazardous roads. Other folk drive up in laden democrats, drawn by wiry teams

There are cheery salutations and unexpected recognitions, and then the contents of the baggage cars are flung to earth pell mell. There are His Majesty's mails, game traps, a mattress, a gun, a cycle wheel, sundry boxes of fruit, sides of beef, a gramophone, a child's rocking-horse, a bag of nails, a brace of birds—all in an incongruous melange. The crowd strolls up and sorts it over, each man picking out anything there may be for him

But mark that fellow with the big cigar and the well creased trousers. He is obviously more interested in the men than in the goods. Quiet in manner and movement he picks out his man, taps him on the shoulder, and, after a brief conversation, gives him a

THE RAILWAY'S SURVEYORS CONSTRUCTING A BED FOR STEEL FLUME AT HORSE THIEF CREEK

little ticket. All the men he accosts are swarthy fellows and most of them are young. They chatter contentedly enough in a strange tongue. They have their kits in homely bundles.

At length they move in a body towards the unfinished track—all save one, a raw hand evidently, who speaks broken English.

"Ten mile?" says he. "How we get there?"

"You didn't expect an automobile to meet you, did you?" retorts he with the cigar, with a touch of not unkindly irony. "Some of you can ride in the wagon and some of you can walk, by turns."

This man knows his business. He is one of the company's foremen, at once firm and human—considerate to honest workers who do not expect all the advantages of civilization in the bush, but with no use for slackers and "grumpers."

Let us follow the gang to the construction camp.

Behold, on a piece of rising ground, partly cleared, a cluster of tents, log huts, and houses of unpainted pine. Scattered about are articles of domestic use, cooking utensils chiefly, while from sundry subsidiary camp-fires a blue shimmering column of smoke ascends. Certain articles of male attire are stretched to dry between convenient trees

Those little shacks removed a stone's throw from the rest, with the good-wife at the door, and perchance a child or two playing with the dog, are the married quarters, and to these pertain the camp-fires aforesaid

The single men live and eat in common. The big square building yonder is the bunk-house, where they sleep, tier upon tier. That, is the dining room and kitchen. The food is plain, but plentiful and well-cooked. Every camp has its own cookee, an expert, who draws, big wages; for without a good cookee there would be no camps.

Occasionally the camp consists of a string of box cars, of which one is fitted as the store, another as the kitchen, a third as a tool and general utility shed. The eating-house is denoted by a length of rail suspended by the door. This is the dinner-gong, whose clamorous tongue, reverberating through the solitude, summons the toiler from his toil.

Life in these bachelor quarters is not hard. The interiors are often not less home-like than that of a gypsy caravan, allowing, of course, for the general absence of the feminine touch. The men get no little fun in the evening out of a ball game, a stroll with a gun, or, when the nights are cold, yarning round the glowing stove or the blazing fire

The fires in the open give stimulus to the imagination. When the filmy smoke rises, wraith-like, against a background of purple hill or sombre pine; when the logs crack asunder and the sparks fly wildly skywards; while the bark of the coyote breaks on the ear, or the call of a startled bird—then a man grows reminiscent, his tongue is loosed, his heart expands, and he brings forth from the storehouse of memory things new and old. Then it is, too, that he sees in the flames, with moistening eye, the old home and the old dear faces

All the same, it is no life for weaklings. Here, above everywhere, one has to play the man. Social prejudices and foolish imaginings have alike to be put aside. The hours are long, the work is hard, there are none of the gaieties of town. A real deprivation sometimes is the lack of washing facilities, though where the camp is pitched by a stream there is the luxury of the out-door baths.

For the rest, the life is healthy and the pay good. As there are few opportunities of spending, a man can save more than out of twice as much in the city.

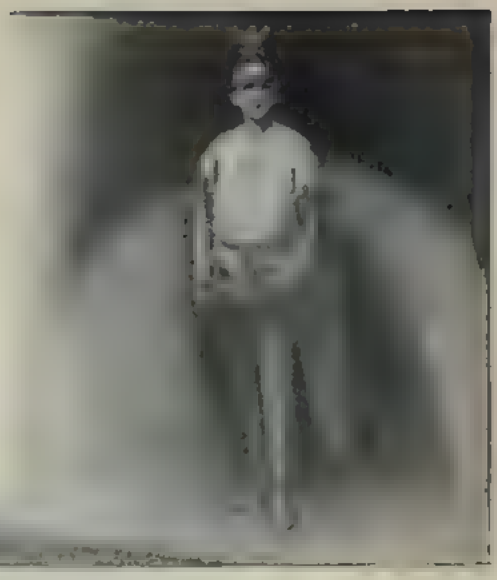
Of course there are camps and camps. One hears of leaky roofs and bunks

Continued on page 430.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*



Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?"

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

He straightened up as if he had been stung.

"Denzil is going to ask you to marry him—to-night?" he repeated. "Did you know that before—before— Did he tell you that?"

"No, of course not," said Valerie, shrinking back before the sudden hardness of his tone. "I—I just felt it."

"And so you tried to capture two scalps in the same evening? Is that it? Valerie! I can't believe it of you."

"Oh!" she gasped. Then, "No, Robert," she said, quite gravely. "I did it because I couldn't help it. Truly." She met his eyes levelly, but his tone was still impersonal when he spoke.

"Why do you tell me of it now?" he demanded.

"Because—because—" She hesitated, groping for words. "Before this happened—before you kissed me—I was going to tell him yes. But—but now I—I don't know."

The woman of the world in her had vanished. She rested her weight on one foot, her head bent, her fingers very busy pulling petals from a rose on her breast. There was something very girlish, very appealing in the young awkwardness of her pose. She seemed like a child of fourteen timidly looking for pardon from someone beloved. He shook his head like a swimmer emerging from deep waters.

"You are asking me to decide?"

Dumbly she nodded. He stared at her, and the blue of his eyes flamed suddenly into the passion of possession. He leaned forward and gripped her by the shoulder.

"Then you aren't going to marry him. Do you hear me?"

It was the first time that anyone had laid rough hands on her, but although his fingers hurt her cruelly, she did not protest. Something primeval was stirred within her, and her eyes glowing in answer, she swayed slowly forward into his arms.

"Do you hear me, Valerie?"

"Yes, Robert." She leaned against him without movement, her head resting against his shoulder. For a moment he held her, and then pushed her gently away with something very like a groan. She clung to him, and he loosened her little hands.

"No, dear," he said quietly. "I have no right. I had no right to kiss you, I have no right to be here with you. We can't go back, now, can we?" She nodded assent soberly. "But at least we needn't go further. I will take you back to the ball-room now, and you can let Denzil ask you to—to marry him, and give him what answer you like. I'll go back to my work again."

"Why must we?" demanded the girl mutinously.

"Because I won't steal what is Denzil's."

"It isn't Denzil's."

"And I won't make you unhappy. You don't know me, Valerie. I am not sure that I could love any woman as much as you would want to be loved. It will be much better for you to marry Merton and forget about me. I shan't see much of either of you. A singer is only a glorified sort of tramp."

"You will go away and forget me," said Valerie bitterly. "You will meet hundreds of women whom you can take in your arms and kiss—I shall be nothing to you."

"Do you really believe that of me?" he asked sternly. "If you do, how can you possibly manage to love me at all? I am not made of that kind of stuff. I should lie if I told you that women did not take fancies to me—you can call it love if you like, but it is really only that they are dazzled with the armour and the spotlight and the tenor,—but I have cared for none of them until I saw you, and I would not make love to them for any sum of money in the world—what nonsense

am I talking? Money has nothing to do with it. But you must believe me that I would not say a word of love to a woman for whom I cared nothing—not if even you yourself were the bait held out to me. I can't say more."

"Then why—"

"Because, Valerie,—oh, I've told you once. Don't you understand?"

"I suppose I would be jealous," said Valerie, with one of her sudden changes of mood. "I know I hated Mlle. de Beaunay like a perfect fury, until I found she was married. Don't you think we would be happy?"

"My dear, if things had been a little different, we would have been gloriously happy, both of us. But—you have no idea how much my profession demands of me, nor how much I love it. You are so used to being a queen that you couldn't bear a rival. Come, you know you wouldn't like banging about hotels and drafty dressing rooms and catching horrible trains. Now Denzil will take proper care of you, and you will adorn his town house and his country house and be a force in society, and make him very happy. I tell you, I am not fit to tie his shoestrings."

"Do you love him as much as all that?" asked Valerie curiously.

"Very dearly," said Sinclair.

"I wish I knew exactly how much you love me," said she slowly.

"Do you?" His voice dropped half a tone. "Then I will tell you. I love you with all there is in me to love. I love you too well, Valerie, to marry you."

She turned her head away from him, so that he should not see the trembling of her lips.

"Valerie, should I not have said that? Should I have kept it to myself?"

"No," she said a little uncertainly. "You have given me the greatest joy that you could have given. You have told me that my heart was not given to—to a man who did not care for me."

"You never doubted that?"

"Yes, I doubted it, and I was ashamed; but now I am proud."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye, my dear—my dear," she said very softly. "It is good-bye, you know."

"Yes, I know." His face was white, but he held his head up gallantly. "Good-bye, my British Columbia girl."

And then they walked side by side, back to the lights and the music of the ball-room.

Denzil was looking for her. It was his dance—the last dance. His face was anxious, and when he saw her with Sinclair he gave a sigh of relief.

"Oh, you've been with Bob," he said. "I was worried about you."

"Yes," said Valerie with a smile. "This is our dance, isn't it?"

"Shall we go to the long corridor?"

"No, not there," Valerie answered, with a little shiver. The long corridor would always be haunted by the memory of Sinclair for her.

"Come into my study, then—we shall not be disturbed there."

His study lay on the other side of the house and Valerie sank into one of his heavy, soft-cushioned chairs with a sigh of relief. The mere physical contact of the cool, yielding leather gave her a sense of relaxation. She closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them, she met Denzil's wistful brown gaze fully.

"You are tired?" he asked solicitously.

"A little," she smiled. "I've danced too industriously this evening perhaps. But it's nothing—your lovely soft chair is making me feel rested already."

"Do you know why I brought you here?"

For a moment she was tempted to evade, and then wearily she agreed to her fate. It is better when the block and the axe draw inescapably near to hasten the end rather than postpone it.

"I have a guess," she said, inclining her head.

"It has come to this," he said passionately. "I cannot go on this way any longer. I suffer too much, Valerie. I hope and fear and go through a thousand agonies. If you say 'No' to me, I must put my life on another basis. I must go away where I cannot see you any more—not even hear of you—to South America, perhaps, or Australia. I tell you, life has become too much for me."

"You know that I do not love you," said Valerie gravely.

"I know you have always been goodness itself to me."

"Would that content you?"

"Content me?" There was such a look of joy on his face that for the moment it was not plain.

"Would you not want love? Would you not fear that at some time in my life I should love some other man—or you some other woman?"

He looked straight at her. "No. For the first, I should trust you," he said—and she winced inwardly. "For the second, I have no fear."

"But love is a thing beyond our power to control. If I could, I would love you now, as you should be loved—but I cannot."

"I know," he said very sadly, and then was silent.

"But," said the girl, "if it would content you that I should be your wife—I will come to you."

"Valerie! It is not true—it can't be true."

"Yes, my dear," she said gently, very much touched. She bent towards him. Somehow she felt that he would never kiss her if she did not take the initiative."

"May I?" he asked in an ecstatic whisper. She smiled at him. With closed eyes, he pressed his lips against hers, and to the girl that kiss seemed in the nature of a sacrament.

CHAPTER IX

"I may just as well tell you that there is no occasion for Mrs. Wayson to crow over you," said Valerie to her mother as they settled themselves in the motor.

Mrs. Monro bent a sharp glance on the girl. "I don't comprehend you."

"Neither do I," rejoined Valerie with a little laugh. "Lord Merton has proposed to me, and I have accepted him, subject to your approval, like a dutiful girl." She seemed very gay and wore a little air of triumph that perplexed her father. It was not like Valerie to be triumphant because she had secured a peer for a husband.

"My darling girl!" cried Mrs. Monro, untroubled by such analyses. She bent forward and kissed Valerie effusively, and Valerie returned the kiss with interest. "If you do a thing, do it graciously," she said to herself as she rearranged her mother's scarf, and listened to her congratulations and plans for dressmakers and trousseaux.

Monro, however, said nothing, and when they reached home he merely suggested to Valerie that she come in and give him his usual soda.

"Of course, Jonathan," she answered, after a minute's hesitation. She had not intended to come, and he knew it.

She walked over to the buffet, and at once was very much absorbed in measuring the whiskey and shading it with just the right degree of soda. Monro watched her, and when she handed the glass to him, he took it mechanically.

"Is this all right, Val?" he asked her.

"Quite right, dad—two fingers of Scotch to a hair's-breadth," she smiled at him.

"Child! don't play with your happiness."

The color ebbed from her face. "I can't help myself," she said. "He is a very perfect lover and a loyal gentleman."

"He is all that," agreed her father, "but he is not the man you love."

"Well? Does that matter?"

"It matters everything in the world where my girl is concerned."

"I cannot help myself, dad. Denzil is not the only loyal gentleman in the world."

"You mean there are claims of friendship—"

She nodded soberly. There was a silence between them.

"That is a fine thing, Val," said Monro, "but when I was young, love

came first. It always does when it's worth anything."

"No," said Valerie quickly. "I won't allow that, dad."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

"Then," said the millionaire quickly, "the world is a finer place than I thought it was."

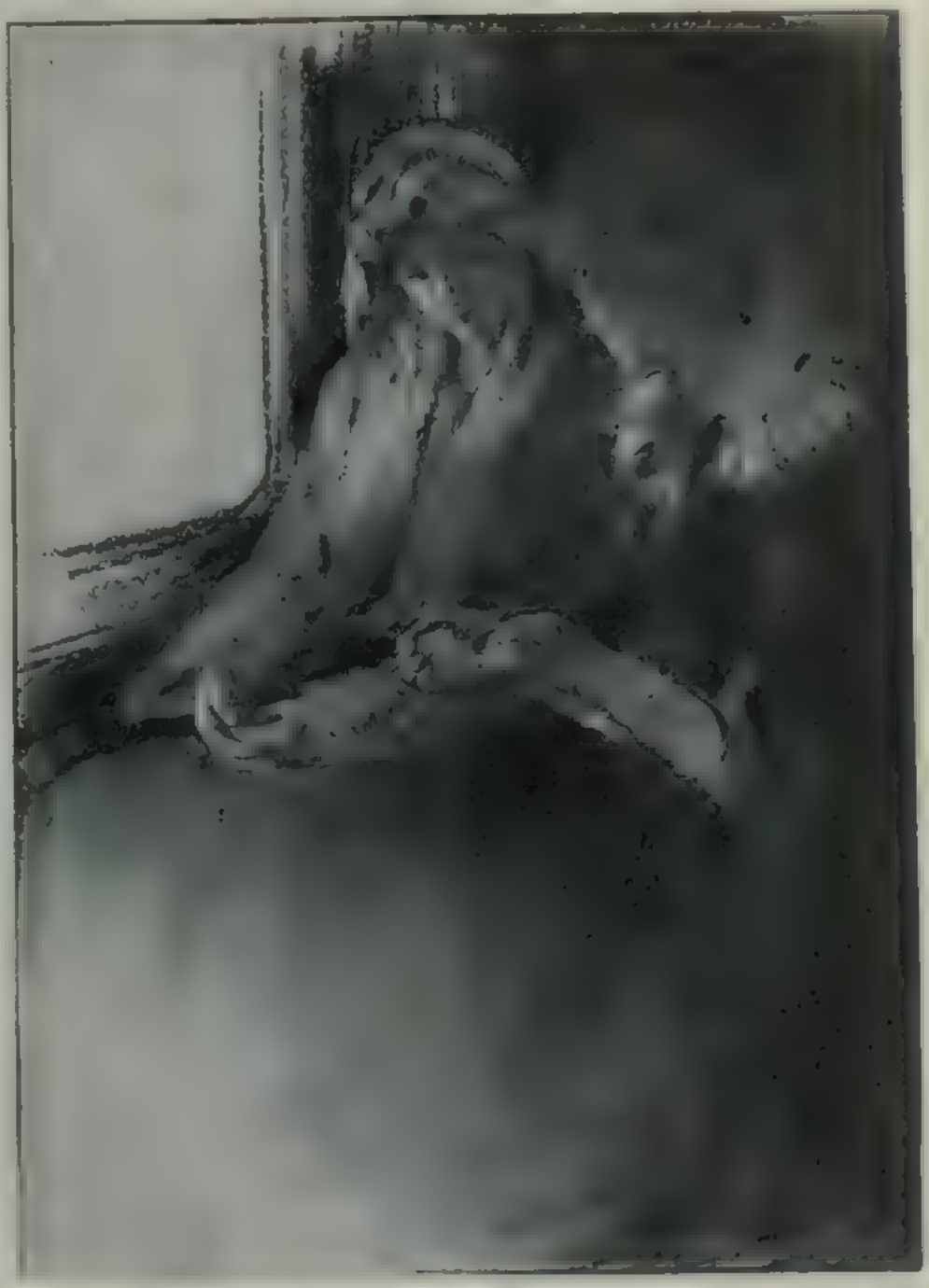
"The world is a fine place," said Valerie proudly, "and he is the finest man in it—and he loves me. Good-night, Jonathan," and she slipped swiftly away

But Monro, without heeding the impertinent dawn, sat and looked straight before him. "Is she strong enough?" he wondered. "My poor girl. It is fine of both of them—but it is superhuman."

Sinclair had left the house when Denzil claimed Valerie He was walking home through the deserted streets, walking home swiftly, but for once there was no song on his lips.

He was thinking deeply of the woman he loved. He had always loved her, he said to himself, from the first moment her eyes had met his—he had always known that he could win her—and now that he had made his sacrifice even in the moment of victory, a feeling of exultation came over him. It was with that glow in his heart that he walked into his sitting-room, where the dawn was struggling to overcome the remains of the night. As he opened the door, the sound of loud breathing met his ear. Some one was sleeping in the room

The single light burning on his desk showed him instantly a long, thin figure lying in a long chair—a figure shabbily dressed, with hands and feet hanging supinely over the edge of his improvised couch. The hands were flabby and cruel—the boots broken, —and sleep had shown the mouth in its real expression of weak malevolence



I MAY I SAY AS WELL THAT YOU THAT THERE IS NO OCCASION FOR MRS. WAYMON

Sinclair had not seen the man before him for more than twelve years, but he knew him at once. It was his father

A kind of blind rage seized him How dared the man come and sleep here in his room, full of his mother's memory? It seemed desecration to him that this battered wreck should be snoring there where the marble bust could look down on him so peacefully

For a moment he stood irresolute, and then he looked up at the picture. *She* had done her best for this man. She had helped him to the last out of her poor earnings. For her sake, he must help his father, too. For Robert knew quite well why his father had looked him up.

He went up to the recumbent figure, and put his hand, not ungently, on its shoulder. Instantly Geoffrey Sinclair sprang up, a look of fear on his unshaven face—a look that one could not behold unmoved. It was the reflection of penniless nights on the Embankment, the shadow of countless orders from policemen to move on, the ghost of lost self-respect and lost honour. For a moment or two he did not know where he was His son waited for the space of a minute, and then said quietly, "How came you here?"

"My dear boy!" said Geoffrey Sinclair in a husky voice "My son! my son!" He held out both flabby hands. Robert stood and looked at them. For the life of him he could not touch them. The man put on a hurt look. "Don't you recognize me, my boy"

"I know you well enough," responded the young man

Your father, your father who has been parted from you for—how many [illegible] lifetime, my boy.'

Stop that!" said the singer curtly I can't stand that."

Geoffrey Sinclair looked at him in aggrieved fashion It was evident that he had rehearsed this scene and felt injured that Robert did not respond to it

"That is scarcely the way to speak to me," he said.

"It is the only way I can speak," answered his son. "I bear you no malice for what you did to me. You are my father, and you were acting according to your nature, which is brutal—but I will never forgive you my mother's long martyrdom. She was a broken woman when she took her life into her own hands."

Geoffrey Sinclair looked at his son out of the corner of his bleared eyes. Probably he saw that he had better change his tactics if he wanted to reach his goal. "You don't know how much I regret the past," he said, with a break in his voice. "I appreciated her when it was too late. I fear that I have behind me a sadly misspent life. The truth is, Robert, that I have always been cursed with a weakness for whiskey—and when a man drinks whiskey, he goes under."

The younger man made no answer He was beginning to feel very tired. The dissipated, cruel-looking man before him brought back the past to him—the old life and the old dreams in Rome. He saw the golden sunshine, heard the plashing of many waters, saw again the kindly face of the melon-seller that last day, before he and his mother had fled—and beyond it all he saw the ugly little boy who had rescued him that day when his father's wrath had been wreaked on him. Well, that little boy had his reward—to-day he had repaid him in full. He shook his yellow curls impatiently, brushing the dream away, and turned on his father a hard, practical voice

"What do you want?" he asked. "Money?"

"I have—er—come for a little loan," said his father suavely. "You know, Robert, I shall not be in this position for long now. Sir Fulke is very old, and both his sons have predeceased him."

"Sir Fulke?" asked Robert bluntly. "I don't know whom you mean."

"You do not know Sir Fulke Sinclair of Abbott's Wood? Your uncle Fulke? You don't mean to say you haven't put yourself into communication with him?

"No," said Robert shortly. "I have not. I did not know I had any knightly relatives, and if I had I do not think I should have made up to them."

"There is no question of making up," said Captain Sinclair loftily. "He is my uncle, and I am the next baronet. Naturally, you succeed me. Nothing can alter that. He can will away most of his money, but the estate is entailed, and must come to me—and in the future to you."

Was he speaking truth? Robert looked at his shifty, cunning old face, so marked and scored with dissipation and poverty, and wondered whether this was not all some fabrication to wrest money from him. His mother had never spoken of these Sinclairs, but then it had never been her way to speculate on dead men's shoes.

"And in the meantime, I am in want for the barest necessities," said the man in something approaching a persuasive whine. "Look to what extent I am reduced! I ask you, are those the boots for a gentleman, and the heir of the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood? He stuck out one disreputable foot in the light of the lamp.

"When did you come to England?"

"I came when I heard of the death of my cousin, Sir Fulke's second son. I always knew that his was a bad life, and that the property must come to me, so when I heard of his death, and knew that only Sir Fulke himself stood between me and the baronetcy, I thought it wiser to come over.

"You mean, I suppose, that you tried to raise money on the reversion."

"I had to live," said Geoffrey Sinclair with a snarl.

"Then why have you come to me now?"

"I have as good a right to see my son as any other man."

"Especially when he has presumably made some money."

"I did not realize that it was you who were famous—you were just a small boy when I saw you last."

He had been a small boy—quite true—and he had said that he wanted to become a singer, and had been unmercifully beaten for it.

"You can answer me a question," said Robert. "Why did you leave the army?" He did not remind his father when that question had been put.

"Oh, they court-martialled me for some ridiculous charge, and asked me to send my papers in. The fact was, I was a poor man, and they did not want poor men in the army."

"That was before you married?"

"Oh, years before," said the captain testily. He did not like talking of his past now, any more than he had done years ago.

"My mother never knew of it?" It was hardly so much a question as it was a statement. Robert knew quite well that, whether she had been in love or not, Jean MacDonald would never have married a dishonoured man if she had known of his dishonour.

"I really cannot remember these insignificant details," said the captain with hauteur.

"It does not matter," said Robert, suddenly weary of it all.

"No, it does not matter," agreed his father eagerly. "I suppose you intend doing something for me—it is hardly decent that I, the heir to a baronetcy and the father of a celebrated man, should go about like this."

"Why don't you go back to your money-lenders?"

"Their terms are prohibitive."

"It is easier to beg from me?" said the young man cynically. He had no intention of making things easy for the degraded creature before him.

"I knew it was your duty."

"Duty! I owe you no duty whatever. You did nothing for me—you ill-treated me—you broke the heart of the dearest woman on earth—and it is only for her sake, not one atom for yours, that I will do something for you"

"I knew I should not come in vain," cried the captain effusively.

"How much do you want?"

The captain looked warily about the room. It was not luxurious. Still he knew the sum that a celebrated singer may command. "A hundred or two would cover my most pressing necessities," he ventured, and was sorry the moment after that he had not doubled the amount

"Very well, said his son negligently. "I will instruct my lawyers to pay you that amount annually, under one or two conditions. The first is that you never try to come near me. The second, that you do not try begging from me again. That two hundred a year represents all that I will ever do for you; and that you owe entirely to my mother.

"Two hundred a year!" said the captain. "Why, it is preposterous. You must earn as much as that every time you sing."

"You will not starve on two hundred pounds a year," said Robert grimly, "or if you do, it will be your own fault. My mother might have starved for all you cared, and I will do no more than this for you."

"It's an absurd sum," said the captain, who had not thought to get more than ten pounds out of his son. "There is no filial sentiment in these days."

"There is no question of filial sentiment between us. Can you go now? I am tired, and I have to keep myself fresh."

"Yes, I'll go," said his father. "You had better have my address to give to your precious lawyers. You couldn't let me have a fiver on account, could you?"

Sinclair plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of silver and gold. He picked out the gold, and passed it to his father, who shovelled it into his pocket without looking at the amount, or breathing a word of thanks. It struck Robert instantly that in like manner he had taken all his mother's pitiful little savings. With a stump of a pencil he wrote out an address, and laid it on the piano.

"I'll be going now," he said, with an attempt at jauntiness. He did not attempt to hold out his hand to Robert, and the young man stood aside as he shambled out of the room. When he walked, you saw the wreck he actually was. His self-assertive air only served to make his look of dissipation the more marked. An immense sadness came over the young man. So this was his father, the only being in the world related to him—the only creature to which he was tied at all—this wreck, this object-lesson of the payment exacted by the degrading vices

At that moment there swept over him a keen longing for love, for a little sympathy. He looked up at the marble face of his mother. That face had never looked at him except in love, and he remembered suddenly the evening when he had made for her a renunciation of all other love, and her gentle smile as she listened to his youthful assurance of what he would do in after y[illegible]—that youth that knows nothing of fate.

For a moment, too, that lovely face with its tantalizing lips that he had kissed so passionately—this evening, was it? yet how long ago!—floated before him. He had given her up, for Denzil. And in giving her up, he had given up Denzil, too. Although the little man had always put his beloved Robert first, he would do so no more. Although he had come with stories of his adored he would never come with stories of his wife. There would be something different in their relationship, something that would make him step down from his place in Denzil's heart. He would be so entirely absorbed, so given over to Valerie that his friend would unconsciously be neglected.

It is to be doubted whether in the length and breadth of the land, t' ere was a lonelier young man than the handsome tenor whom everyone delighted to honour.

To be continued.

On The Lass' Rope

By Victor Macdonald

IT was a flying column, not a wheel in the outfit except under the guns. The officers took nearly the same fare as the men. Tents and beds were unheard of luxuries. The cooking was done on an ordinary camp fire, and it usually consisted of making tea or coffee. The rest was bully beef and hard tack, unless some farm yielded potatoes, chickens or eggs.

There had been a sharp fight that day and a number of officers around a fire were listening to a Canadian telling of his men. "One work.

They are," he said, 'the best body of men that ever got [illegible] in one place and I am the proudest man in South Africa to-night to be their captain."

"Martin, you make me tired," said a captain of infantry, who, with his company, had been remodeled in an hour into a troop of horse. "You have the idea that yours are the best men on this column. Why they are not trained!' They don't even look like soldiers."

"No, they don't look it, I'll admit, but they are trained, trained as no other body of men in the army. It began when they were just able to walk. I trained not so much to do as they are told but to take care of themselves and to look for the unexpected in a country where the unexpected is the rule rather than the exception. I enlisted these men myself. You know I am of the east. I started in Victoria and worked eastward; and it was an education for me. In Kamloops, a town in the interior where I had taken some forty men, I was walking on one of the side streets and was stopped by a man on a pony."

"'Say, mister,' he began, 'are you the man that is taking this bunch to Africa?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Well, I kinda reckon I'd like to go.'

"'Were you at the Town Hall this morning?' I enquired.

"'Yes, I was there all right, but I didn't get to see you. The doc. said I was too short.'

"'What is your height?' I enquired.

"'Five foot five. Thought may be I could raise on my toes a little, but doc. wouldn't stand for it.'

"'My instructions are that men must be at least five foot six,' I answered.

"'Oh, hell! What difference does an inch make? The short man is much easier on a horse, and a smaller mark to shoot at. You want men that can shoot straight, and do some hard riding; do you suppose that any man is better than me because he is an inch taller? Not on your sweet life.'

"'Are you a good rider?' I asked, much amused. For answer he yelled, 'Look out!'

"He jabbed spurs to his pony, clearing the sidewalk into a lot where a cellar had been dug. Into it his horse landed clean, the rider frozen to the saddle. He got him out of there, too, still on his back. Then he threw the pony, and when he got up, the man landed in the saddle without touching a stirrup. He put his horse at me full speed, and reined him in the length of a blanket."

"'I'll make him buck if you like,' he cried.

"'No,' I said. 'It was very fine. Are you a good shot?'

"Like a flash he drew a revolver. It cracked three times, and three of the street lamps were broken.

"'You'd better take me,' he grinned, 'or I'll be fined a hundred for that.'

"I took him. And it was he and four others, who with just a nod from me made that hill yesterday morning, and held it against fifty Boers all day, and joined the troop after dark without the rest of the column knowing it."

"Don't you suppose that any of my men could have held that hill?" exclaimed Captain Cope.

"Oh yes, they would have held it all right, if they could have got there

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The Mission of the Patchwork Quilt

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

"SHE pieced up every block of it with her own hands, Malviny did." And the proud mother spread abroad the gorgeous folds of the patchwork bedquilt before the eyes of the bewildered young minister like a triumphal banner.

"She thought at first she would have it a album quilt; but, finally, she decided on a blazing star, as Malviny says to me, 'It looks so kind o' heavenly.' You know stars are a bright yellow, and the sky is a blue ground-work jest like this. She is dreadful religious, Malviny is. I have said to her father, many a time, 'If she is ever snatched away from us, Pa, I hope he will be a religious man that snatches her.' A good many told me, when she was a little girl, that she was just cut for a minister's wife, she was so equinomical and industrious. She is an awful worker; there's seven hundred pieces in this bedquilt; that shows some industry, don't it, Mr. Thurston?"

"I beg your pardon, madam; I am afraid I didn't quite understand you!" His rather dreamy, gray eyes were looking out of the open window, down the emerald, daisy-empearled meadow, stretching away to the green woods.

"I was saying there is seven hundred pieces of calico in this bedquilt; I didn't begrech layin' out the calico for her—not a bit· she cut 'em all out in one day."

"Kitty helped her cut 'em out, for I seen her; n' I want a piece of pie, or bread n' butter"

Sammy, the fearless, had entered the room, and stood before the authoress of his life, with pleading in his tone, and utter indifference in his demeanor toward his visitor.

"Yes; Kitty helped her a sight," said Mrs. Ross, commencing to fold up the quilt, and adding severely, "Little boys should be seen and not heard."

"I am tired of bein' seen; I want to be heard a spell; m'eant I have the pie or bread n' butter? I want some strawberries on it. H'ain't Kitty got back yet? I seen her start for 'em more'n a 'nour ago."

"When Kitty gets a book in her hand, or gets out doors, there is no knowin' when she will be seen again. She is so different from Malviny. Why, if you will believe it, Mr. Thurston, if the girl should tell you the truth to-day, I believe she would say that she thought a little b't of moss out of the woods was prettier than this blazin' star bedquilt."

As she gave utterance to this astounding atrocity on the part of Kitty, she stood by the table, folding the article in question; and her last-born, standing opposite her, gazing at her keenly from beneath his torn straw hat, said, "Malviny's crosser'n a bear, and Kitty h'ain't. She don't order a feller round. What are you steppin' on my feet for, mother?"

"Samuel Ross, do you go right out into the kitchen, and wash your face. I should be ashamed to come into the room where there is company with such a looking face." He did not move, and she continued, with a threatening glance at him, "Do you want me to have a reckoning with you?" Evidently he did not, for this question was potent; he left the room immediately. Mrs. Ross laid the quilt in the bedroom, saying as she came back "Malviny will be in, in a few minutes."

Again the young minister's eye wandered out of the open window.

"Isn't that your youngest daughter coming up through the meadow?"

"La, no! She h'ain't my daughter; that is Kitty Ross, my husband's brother's girl. I took her though when she was an infant babe; brought her up on a bottle and done for her as if she was my own."

"I have noticed her in church," said he.

He did not say that her face in the family pew reminded him of a mountain daisy in a bed of hollyhocks. Neither did he find it necessary to tell what an inspiration she had been to him; that when some noble truth came warm from his own heart, the sudden light that would spring up in those shy brown eyes had shown him that, though strangers they were near kindred. And, if the whole two hundred of his congregation had been absent, and those appreciative eyes present, he would think he had a full house. These thoughts were still in his mind, when two doors opened simultaneously, and Malviny and Kitty entered. Malviny had, in her virgin bower, attired herself in her best to do honor to the young minister, and she sailed in through the hall-door, just as Kitty entered through the kitchen door with her basket of berries. She had on a print dress and a sunshade hat; she had found a great bunch of wild-flowers and grasses, and her cheeks were as rosy as her strawberries, and her eyes fell shyly as they met the earnest look of admiration the minister directed at her as he shook hands

"Malviny, you go right into the parlor with Mr. Thurston. I have been waiting for you to come down; and Kitty, you go out into the kitchen porch and look after your strawberries. And Malviny, "the mother called after them, "you show the minister your feather flowers, and the hairwreath you have just done"

The young minister, as in duty bound, respectfully examined the handiwork of Malviny, but his attention seemed to be wandering.

"I noticed you had some beautiful flowers in your kitchen garden as I passed this afternoon."

"Oh! they are some of Kitty's. Father gave her a little piece of ground in the garden; he don't make any difference between her and me, though she is only a girl we took, and is dependent on us for a home."

The color flushed up into Mr. Thurston's face, but any remark he might have wished to make was cut short by the entrance of Sammy, the terrible. He came in with an air of boldness, but a close observer could see that he was inwardly ill at ease, as if he expected his sojourn would be short in that land of promise. His presentiment was doomed to quick fulfillment, for scarcely had his little tow-breeches touched the chair when Malviny asked him with much sweetness, "Sammy, won't you get me a drink of water?"

Sammy being the age that stood in awe of nothing, arose in his wrath. "Yes, gim'me drink of water! That is always the way! Gim'me a drink of water, an' then, when I go out after it mother won't lem'me come in agin. When a feller is here can't he sit a minute? It makes you awful dry to have me jest step into the room."

"I shall tell mother on you, Samuel," said Malviny, with a red face.

"Yes! there it is again! Gem'me into more trouble!"

"She will have a reckoning with you"

Sammy had no fear of man, but before a "reckoning," even his iron courage faltered. Whatever this "reckoning" might be he had evidently learned from past experience that the loss was sure to be upon his side, so the mention of it was enough to ensure a speedy departure.

"I am so ashamed of him, Mr. Thurston; but we all humor him 'most to death and it has just ruined him."

"Oh, I know a boy's proclivities for mischief making," said Mr. Thurston, "but speaking of your flowers, Miss Ross, I think I noticed a rose that was exceedingly beautiful and rare, suppose we go out and see them."

Miss Ross of course was delighted with the opportunity of being seen with the handsome young minister; and as she told her mother afterward, "As we walked through the front yard, the faces of the three Talmadge girls were so flattened against the window pane opposite that their noses looked like the pictures of the Hottentots in the old geography." And Malviny further remarked to her mother that "It was shameful the way those Talmadge girls was after the minister, and the Methodist girls too, and he an Episcopal"

Ye" cried Mrs. Ross, "I don't see how folks can act so bold; but it does seem as if some people h'ain't got no pride."

With the exception of a kitten, delivered in its weakness into the hands of children, nothing deserves more sympathy than a good-looking unmarried young minister. He is the target of gossipy old ladies, designing mothers with marriageable daughters, and even impossible old maids smile on him. However, the Rev. Floyd Thurston, although both rich and handsome, was not vain, consequently he passed unnoticed many things that would have affected another.

Malviny must have forgotten that the old kitchen porch opened directly on the garden or she surely would have engineered things differently, but the young minister evidently did not, because his first glance was in that direction.

Down in the meadow that afternoon, Kitty had not been very gay, though she loved every flower and bird; but when her cousin was imperious, and her aunt cross, she felt herself to be more than ever an alien and an intruder, as their words often made her feel. But this afternoon she was too busy to give way to sorrowful thoughts, for her aunt had ordered her to pick five quarts of berries. She worked diligently, and had gotten her basket nearly full when down in a corner of the rail-fence she found a bird's nest full of little ones almost ready to fly.

"Oh, you darlings!" she murmured, looking down into it with soft wistful eyes. "You happy darlings, that have someone to love you." Then she wondered if anyone would ever care for her as that old constant bird did for her little ones. She meant really to care for her as Frank Thompson did for Prudence Hayes. Prudence had just become engaged, and it was very wonderful to Kitty to see the attentions Frank showered on her. She would ask nothing else on earth, she thought if she could only be adored like that.

Lately it seemed as if Kitty's knights all looked down on her with dreamy grey eyes, and a good many of them wore clerical clothes.

When Kitty's aunt had dismissed her so summarily from the room, she did not feel at all badly because had her eyes not looked into those wonderful gray ones, and read a hint of admiration in them. The memory of that was enough to make the hulling berries an enviable job.

Sammy rudely driven from the parlor, had, as he always did, taken his wounded spirit to Kitty; and such solace did he find in her society that he had forgotten his grief. Still smarting, however, under a sense of the injury his sister had done him, he was in the corner of the porch giving a theatrical representation of a scene to come off, when he was a wealthy garbage man, and Malviny a beggar at his gate. Kitty knew she ought not to laugh; but her sense of humor was very keen, and Sammy was a zealous, if not a finished performer. His hand was just stretched out, waving Malviny scornfully from his palace door, when suddenly he dropped his tragic air and exclaimed, "By jiminy there they are now!" and, by one of the master strokes for which he was famous, tripped over the basket of berries, and getting tangled up in a trailing clothesline tumbled headlong to the ground. The minister was convulsed, but managed not to let Sammy see him laughing; in the meantime wiping the sand out of the poor laddie's eyes and mouth. Then he insisted on helping Kitty pick up her berries.

"Oh, no!" said Malviny, "Kitty can very well do it." But Mr. Thurston insisted. They were the most tantalizing berries, and upon finding themselves free had scampered into unheard-of places of concealment.

The acquaintance thus begun, Mr. Thurston did not allow it to cease; his visits to the farmhouse were frequent and lengthy. Mrs. Ross openly and friendly, Malviny demurely, accepting them as tributes to her charms, both as a rich man's daughter, and an attractive maid. So time went on, until one evening Mr. Thurston walked home with Kitty. That night while good uncle Thomas slept the sleep of the just, Mrs. Ross lay awake in deep thought. Finally, she hunched her husband in the side, changing an incipient snore into, "What's wanted, mother?"

"I have been thinking, Pa," was the answer, "that Kitty would like to go away somewhere this summer, and mebby we had ought to let her go

Kitty was beloved by her uncle, as well as by Sammy the terrible, and the mother felt that she must be wary.

"You know she has worked pretty hard," she continued, "all the spring, and I s'pose folks will talk if we don't do well by her. Her aunt Huldy has been writing to her time and again to come and visit her; and she is well off and getting pretty well along in years; and she might leave Kitty something. I don't know as we had ought to stand in her light."

"I thought you couldn't spare her last summer when her aunt wrote for her."

"Thomas, you little know the feelings a woman has for a child she has brought up. I am willing to spare Kitty this summer."

"Well, well! you women folks must have it your own way; you will anyway; only she hadn't better stay long."

In this philosophical frame of mind, uncle Thomas turned himself to the wall, and resumed his nocturnal music, seemingly taking up the broken not just where it was rudely interrupted.

So it chanced that the next Sabbath the young minister missed the shy brown eyes that he had learned to look forward to seeing. That day he preached to empty seats, and the next afternoon he found it convenient to call at the farm house. Malviny met him at the door smiling radiantly; her mother also was in fine spirits, but they both seemed afflicted with a sudden loss of memory. Neither one could remember the name of the place where Kitty had gone; neither did they know how long she intended to stay. Mrs. Ross added, however, with some show of sentiment, that "Though Kitty was so hard to manage, and so different from Malviny, still when a woman had brought a child up, and done for 'em like her own, she couldn't help missing 'em."

Mr. Thurston was not very sociable, Malviny thought when her mother left them alone. He could not stay to tea and was drawing on his gloves preparatory to leaving, when Mrs. Ross, who in her loneliness had wandered up stairs, rushed into the room with frightened eyes, and waving a paper which she had found in Sammy's room. Then they both remembered that he had been missing since the early dinner. The paper which the young man took out of the mother's trembling hand was written seemingly with much effort, and each line commenced with a capital letter like poetry.

"I am agoing to run away
Where Kitty is I love her oh to
Be where sweet Kitty is I will
Nott stay where foaks are
Kross and will not give a
Feller 2 peaces of py
When he Are Starvin Hungry
So no moar at preasant
U need not look for Me for
Deer perints I will not be took
Alive So no moar from yure Sun
Samuil

ps I Hoap Malviny wont
Be dry now when she has a Bo."

The premises were searched unsuccessfully, and as Mr. Ross was absent, Mr. Thurston volunteered to walk to the village in search of the fugitive. About half a mile from the village he discovered Sam, who was resting from his fatigue on a stone heap, but with his bundle suspended from a long pole still upon his shoulders. This bundle, as after search revealed, consisted of a flaming cravat, a paper collar of his father's, a pair of thin Sunday trousers, a jack-knife, six jell tarts, a sponge cake, the remainder of the pie from dinner, a few rusty fish hooks, and several other such treasures dear to a boy's heart. He scornfully refused to return home, strictly affirming that to Riverdale he would go, to aunt Huldy's to see Kitty.

"Riverdale? Aunt Huldah Bliss?" The young minister's face was radiant. But by putting forth all his powers of persuasion, which so few could resist, he succeeded in bringing the young prodigal home, where, for that night at least, he found there was pie enough and to spare. Mrs. Ross and Malviny overwhelmed the young minister with gratitude, which he received with good nature; in fact, he seemed to be in such a blissful state of mind, that he could stand even that. But he could not stay to tea; his vacation was so near at hand, he was exceedingly busy.

"His vacation! They didn't know he was to have one.

Yes; he was to have three months' vacation—the church needed repairs; it had been arranged at the last vestry meeting.

After he went away, Mrs. Ross assured Malviny that when it made a certain person so happy to do another certain person a good turn, she thought that certain person had better be in a hurry for what might happen. Malviny blushed, shook her head playfully at her mother, and betook herself to her patchwork, for she was now piecing up a sunflower bedquilt.

The third day after the hegira of the terrible, Kitty Ross looked up from her sewing at the mild face opposite her, which beamed out from its lace ruffles, like the moon from fleecy clouds.

"MATVINY, YOU GO AND BRING OUT A BREADTH OF YOUR NEW RAG CARPET"

"I shall be just as glad to see him as if he were my own son," said the old lady, impressively, as she folded up her letter, took off her spectacles and wiped them, and looked up at her niece. Little Kitty was sitting in a rocking chair before the window, and aunt Huldah thought she looked like a picture in her white muslin dress. There was a wonderfully pretty color in her face, too, as she asked shyly. "Why does he happen to come here visiting, aunty, when you are no relative of his?"

"His mother was the best friend I ever had in my life, and when she died, his father was 'most distracted. He lived next door to me then, and I took Floyd; when he was nine years old right here, and kept him a year. His father died too, a year or two after that, and Floyd went away to school, and then to college, and finally got to be a minister. But he has always considered this a sort of home, and has been here every little while ever since; and if he were my own son he couldn't be more welcome."

Aunt Huldah gave the letter a final fold, previous to its life-long seclusion in her bureau-drawer, and then exclaimed triumphantly:

"How glad I am, Kitty, I made you take that sage-tea last night. You looked dreadful pale when you first came. Sage is an excellent herb. I haven't seen such a color in your cheeks before, and your eyes shine just like stars."

Aunt Huldah's sage-tea was indeed marvelous in its effects if it were really the cause of the brown eyes lustre; at least so the Rev. Floyd Thurston thought as he sat by her side in the vine-shadowed portico through the long sweet twilights, or wandered through the fields teaching her so many things. Why, he knew everything Kitty thought, and what a marvel it was that he could care for her enough to take such pains to teach her, little ignorant thing that she was. Thus Kitty thought in her humility. But Floyd Thurston thought wonderful the bright eager eyes she raised to him when some new truth dawned upon her; her quick sympathy as he read a choice bit of Ruskin or some other favorite of his. So through those long bright days the young minister taugh Kitty the sweetest lesson on earth.

And in blissful unconsciousness through these very days aunt Ross the schemer, rejoicing in her master-stroke bought bright colored calicoes for Malviny to cut into fantastic shapes, and at the same time taught her lessons of economy, befitting the chief lady of the parish.

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On the Lass' Rope

Continued from page 405

alone. But they would have got away. You have trained them to do nothing but what they are told and you have to be there to tell them all the time. As far as physical courage goes your men are quite equal to mine. But string them out on a hill, at night without an officer; or send a few to do something that requires the exercise of some judgment and they are lost."

"But I'll wager you twenty pounds that my men can do anything that yours can."

"Very well, but you'll lose," said the other laughing.

"Not him, interjected a third officer. "Ago be my way Martin [illegible] fat, I said me when we had."

"What is your rank, Harrington?" asked the Canadian.

"Junior lieutenant, but ent the beggars salute."

"And I am senior captain," said Martin, "and they don't salute me. I don't ask it out here but in town they do, just to show me respect among other officers because I have been lucky enough to have become one of them. To them one man is as good as another if he makes good. Tell them that it is the uniform, and not the man that they honor and then will want to know the difference between them and yours for it is disgraceful the way some officers return a proper military salute. And mark me when they do salute, it is to the man, and he must be a man all the way through."

"You can't drive those fellows," he continued. "In their own country when things don't suit them, they simply roll their blankets and pull out. And they would do it here if they were held in too much, but I have no fear of that as long as the fighting lasts."

At that moment a trooper rode up dismounted, brought his heels together, and saluted.

"Well," said the English captain, "what is it?"

"Sir," began the trooper, "about those pigs that were taken to-d... there is one that we can't catch, sir. Shall we shoot him, sir?"

"No. Take more men."

"They are all there now, sir, that is all our company. It is a big boar, sir and very wild, sir."

"There you are, Martin," broke in one of the others. "Take up Cope's bet. Send your men to get that pig."

"Yes," said the Canadian, "my boys will get him for you."

"Right. How many men; and how long?"

"Two men, and thirty minutes."

"Done!"

"May I have this trooper as a messenger?"

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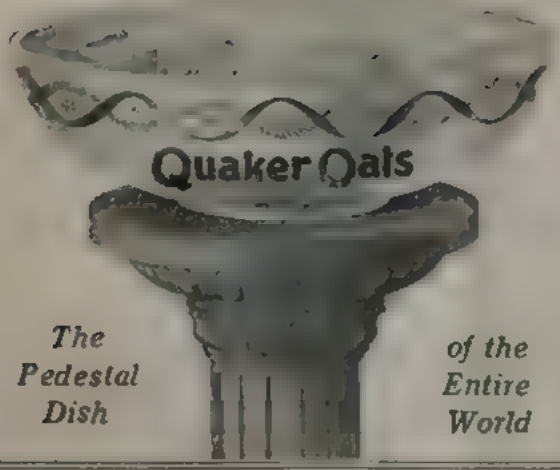

The Pedestal Dish

of the Entire World

The Price of This Luscious Flavor

To give Quaker Oats their matchless taste and aroma, this is the price we pay:

We pick out just the big, plump grains—the richly-flavored oats. By discarding all others, a bushel of choice oats yields us only ten pounds of Quaker.

Then we employ a long process which enhances that flavor and keeps it all intact.

That is a price which millers hesitate to pay. So lovers of oats from all the world over send to us for Quaker.

And note this: These picked-out grains—these large, delicious flakes—cost you no more than the lesser grades of oats. You have simply to say you want Quaker.

Quaker Oats

Made of Delicate Oats Alone

This is what flavor does: It fosters the love of oats. It leads children to eat an abundance.

It makes delightful to them the food they need for vim. It makes inviting the food they need for growth—the grain that is richer than any other in brain and nerve constituents

And there are millions of grown-ups who owe to that flavor the good they derive from oats

No other delicacy, comparable with this, costs such a little price.

Now a 25c Size

We now put up a large 25-cent package in addition to the 10-cent size. It saves buying so often — saves running out. Try it — see how long it lasts.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

"Yes."

"Thanks." Then to the man he said, "Go to my lines, and tell the first two men you meet that their captain wants them."

"Better have them come mounted," said Harrington, "it will soon be dark.

"When they know I want them, they will come ready for anything."

Presently three men approached on horse-back. One sat stiff and uncomfortable, the others as if in rocking chairs. They had horse-feed tied to their saddles. Their rifles were in a home-made casing that left their hands free, but so arranged that it could be brought into use in a second. Their great-coats were strapped in front of them. A coiled rope hung beside each and they both wore gloves. As their captain had said, they were ready. On reaching the group, they did not dismount, as did the other.

"You sent for us, captain?" said one.

"Yes. You hear that pig over by the corrals?"

"Yes, sir.'

"I want him here, hog-tied, in twenty minutes."

Two pair of spurs hit the horses' sides together; as they plunged, they were swung by the bits, and were gone.

"What do you reckon he wants the pig for?" said one of the men, as they oped along.

"Search me; bet, I guess. I'll lead him. I want a chance to try that Dutchwoman's clothes line that I got the other day."

"Sure, but don't that give you a pain in some places?" said the other, pointing towards the men that were after the pig.

"No. I'm tired cussing them. I just pity 'em now."

"Well, what do you Canidians want?" said a red faced [illegible]

"That pig," said one, untying his rope. The other was rolling a smoke.

"I bet you can't get him."

"How much?"

"Half a bar."

"Make it two quid, and I'll take you."

"Right ho," agreed the sergeant. He turned to the men. "Halt! stand back there."

"Bring him down this way, Fred, and keep him moving," said the one with the rope

"Yep." The other Canadian turned the pig, and brought it up to the left. The first had his rope swinging as they passed; following, he dropped the loop over the pig's head and forefeet, and spurred his pony. As they neared the officers the leader turned sharply, and the pig rolled over. The other man was now on the ground, and in a minute had him hog-tied.

Their captain came forward. "That will do very nicely, boys. Thank you

very much. Give this note to the quarter-master sergeant."

As the men rode away, he turned to the delighted group. One of them said between convulsions of laughter

"Martin, I'm curious to know what was in that note."

"That," he answered smiling, "is an order to the Q. M. S., to issue to the troop an extra ration of- er—medical comforts."

Greta Greer

Continued from page 316

stretching his long arms above his head

He walked slowly down the corridor toward his stateroom, intending to put aside the volume of "Burton's Anatomy," which he was forcing himself to read as a diversion! The thick carpet gave forth no sound as he stepped, and the corridor was very dim To gain his room Dare had to traverse a little passage leading to the suite occupied by Mrs. Threckmeyer, at right angles to the main corridor. Just before reaching this he heard a door close carefully and obeying the impulse of the moment he stepped into the passage leading to the room next to Mrs. Threckmeyer's. He did not wish to be cornered just at that moment by her, neither did he care to make an appointment for the afternoon. There was just a chance that Miss Greer would be on deck and he wanted to be there too.

There was no sound of steps as Dare stood close to the corner waiting, so he ventured to peep from his hiding place At the same moment he saw the back of a woman's head appearing from the next passageway—that is to say the one leading to Mrs. Threckmeyer's room. In the dim light, and with so fleeting a glance, it was impossible to [illegible] Dare was absolutely certain that it was not Mrs. Threckmeyer, herself He decided that it must be her maid carrying on clandestine flirtation and was about to step into the corridor, when a noiseless shadow passed his own retreat, and Miss Kelly hurried toward the music room.

The doctor stepped into the passage, looking [illegible] door; there was no reply, so he retraced [illegible] smoking room. It was when he had [illegible] of silver vanity bags, and turning, saw Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer and her maid coming from the opposite end of the boat toward their rooms.

Your "General Manager"

The wise business man leaves the management of his home to his real "General Manager"—the wife who buys the food and who makes a study of its nutritive value. The housewife who knows

Shredded Wheat

has already solved the servant problem and the problem of the high cost of living. With Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the house it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a deliciously nourishing and wholesome meal in combination with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, or other canned or preserved fruits—a meal that furnishes highest food value at the lowest cost.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) will supply all the nourishment needed for a half day's work. Delicious for breakfast or any other meal for youngsters or grown-ups. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter or cheese.

"It's All in the Shreds"

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont [illegible]

PULL BIG STUMPS QUICK AND EASY

$1280 FROM 40 ACRES THE FIRST YEAR STUMPS ARE OUT

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Stump Puller

All Steel

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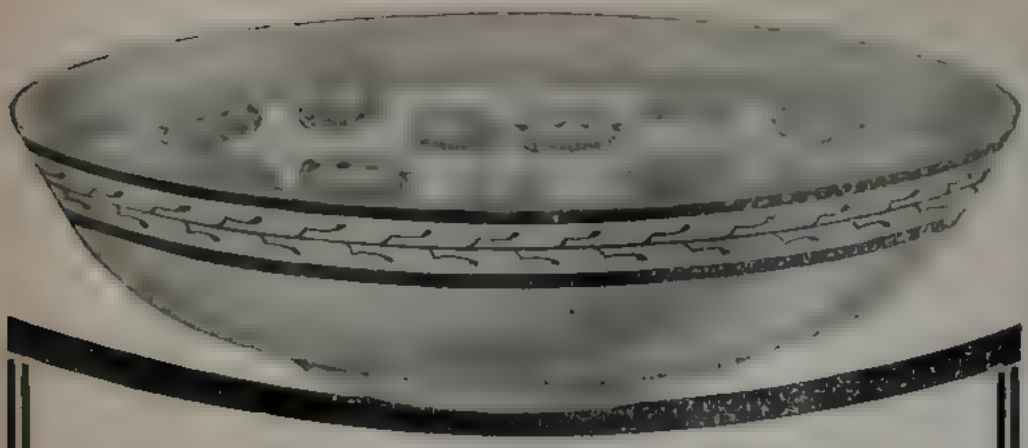
From Michigan



No Breakfasts Like This

In the Days When We Were Young

No Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

No bubble-like grains, thin, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

No cereal foods with a taste like confections—with the flavor of toasted nuts.

And no whole grains were made wholly digestible in those days of long ago.

All this came a few years ago, when Prof. Anderson discovered a way to shoot these grains from guns. To cause inside of every grain a hundred million steam explosions. And thus to blast every food granule to pieces.

Then came these enticing foods—grains that crush at a touch and melt away into almond-flavored granules.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

No Suppers Like This

And we had in those old days no suppers like Puffed Grains served in milk. We had bread and crackers but no dainty morsels, thin toasted and crisp, with the nut-like flavor of Puffed Grains.

Now at a million meals or more each day, folks serve these delightful dishes. But even now countless children don't get them, just because their mothers forget.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers.

The storm broke upon the ship at luncheon time, with the result that only five passengers—all men—occupied the dining room. It was an exciting meal and one which Dare enjoyed; he was very sensitive to climatic and atmospheric conditions, and a storm strangled all the civilization in him and left him the primitive man.

He went on deck afterward to fight something, even if it must be the wind, for the baffling mystery surrounding Greta Greer and his apparent inability to make any headway in his investigations began to fret him.

It was there on deck, drenched to the skin, that Cunningham found him and delivered Mrs. Threckmeyer's message.

"I have just seen her," he told Dare, "and the poor old girl must have the hump in its most aggravated form. She wants us, at once, in her stateroom," shouted Billy between his hollowed hands. "Will you come?"

Dare went to his room to change, and a little later the two men knocked at Mrs. Threckmeyer's door, which she opened herself—but so altered in appearance, that Ellis Dare made a wry face as he allowed Cunningham to precede him. He feared that Billy was right about "the hump" and that he had been called in his official capacity to listen to a long story concerning the conditions of Mrs. Threckmeyer's various organs. She looked weak and ill.

Billy spoke—he always adjusted unbalanced conversational pauses and seemed to say the right thing—except his catechising of the captain.

"Your maid has suddenly decided to marry the steward, my dear Mrs. Threckmeyer," he said, waving her into a chair, "and you want me to find out whether or not he has already a wife and seven children, on an Alberta farm. Is that it?"

Lucilla Threckmeyer looked with wide open eyes at the big athletic fellow squatting on the floor beside her. She gasped incredulously,

"How did you know?"

Billy laughed.

"Because it is my business to know things," he said lightly. "But," with a change of expression and a recurrence of the tired look which Dare had noticed before, "that is not why you sent for us this afternoon, is it? Tell us that now, won't you?"

Dare watching the two with unsympathetic uninterested eyes felt something akin to contempt for a person who had so little control over herself as to ache and burn to tell something and still be unable to couch it in intelligent language. He looked at the shapeless mass of trembling flesh coldly, and waited.

As though having discarded many

beginnings and feeling far from pleased with this last one, she stammered:

"You know Sol told me that if ever I got buncoed in New York to send for Bob Cunningham—" She appealed to Dare, and he nodded. "Well, I'm not exactly buncoed, but—you see—I—know who stole—Mrs. Beaufort's jewels!"

The three sat silent for a space. Minute things impressed themselves on Dare's mind and memory. The pattern of the carpet affected him with a savage desire to return it to a butcher and say he did not care for kidneys. There were specks on the window which mechanically he began to count, and he became acutely conscious that he was not thinking at all of the matter at hand. His mind turned to Greta Greer, and he wondered if she might not be thinking of him, thus drawing him so strongly to her. He wished that *she* had sent for him instead of Mrs. Threckmeyer, he wished that she would let him hear from *her* lips the story.....Mrs. Threckmeyer's spasmodic breathing irritated him so that he fidgeted in his chair. He wondered just what he would do if she said—I know who stole Mrs. Beaufort's jewels—it was Greta Greer!"

Should he frame a quick defense providing her with an imaginary motive or should he stubbornly deny the charge? Should he plead insanity or kleptomania—or should he appeal to the girl herself?

Then he became aware that Cunningham was speaking. His voice was gentle, persuasive, coaxing. He even laid his hand on Mrs. Threckmeyer's knee and occasionally patted it

"Of course you do," he said as though speaking to a frightened child, "I knew if there was one person who could help me, that you were the one. Now, tell us all about it, won't you? Don't be so nervous, you may be sure that we will understand."

Dare echoed these words and drew his chair nearer. Instead of shrinking from hearing the story he now veered to a longing for it, in fullest detail, and perhaps the woman felt this change in his manner for she lost something of her distracted nervousness and began:

"I had a younger sister who married a scamp of an artist and went over to Italy to live. There they had a child, a daughter, who was as good as her mother outside and as bad as her father inside."

Dare smiled to himself at the woman's description. He fitted it aptly to so many people he knew, who were 'good outside and bad inside.'

"Italy didn't agree with Jennie, my sister, and she died. The man sent little Jean back to us in Winnipeg that was long before Sol made his pile."

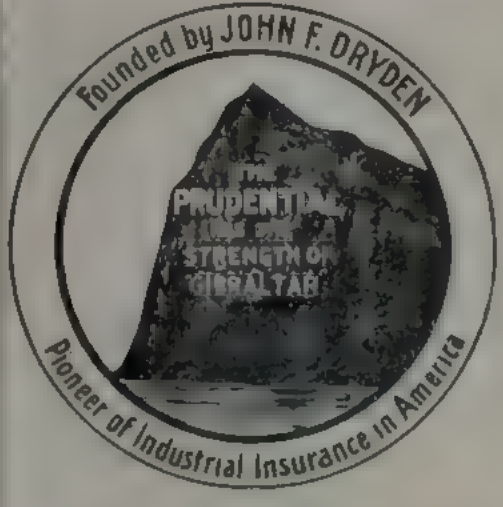
The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323 Million Dollars
Liabilities, (Including Policy Reserve $260,000,000)	297 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	25 Million Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over	31 Million Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over	6¼ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force,	12 Million
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over	92 Million Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½ Million Dollars

New Business Paid for During 1913, over 481 Million Dollars

LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY



Over Two Billion 406 Million Dollars Life Insurance in Force

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

The Prudential Issues Life Insurance for the Whole Family. Write for Information

The Prudential Has Branch Offices in All Prominent Canadian and American Cities.

She waited a moment as though expecting them to say something.

"Poor little girl," said Ellis Dare softly, and Cunningham nodded.

"Afterward the doctor realized that this was not news to Billy but at the time he did not stop to think about it

"She must have been a great comfort to you," she went on, but Mrs. Threckmeyer interrupted with a laugh that was half flutter and half sorrowful.

"No, she wasn't—she don't live with us now at all. She hasn't done much worth bragging on."

"What did she do?" asked Dare suddenly alive to the whole situation and feeling that he knew the answer

"*Stole*," replied Sol's wife in a sort of choked whisper. "Oh, they didn't call it that," she cried as Billy was about to interrupt, "they called it kleptomania, but to Sol and me there was no difference. We couldn't let her go out alone; she'd bring home

Continued on page 415

Have You Ever Tried

Ingersoll Cream Cheese? Often and often you have seen it at your grocer's, but have you ever *bought* a package to try out this delicious cheese for yourself?

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is quite different from ordinary cheese. You'll find it creamier—more digestible and nourishing—and it has a delightfully distinctive flavor of its own. Makes dozens of tasty dishes. Send for our little recipe folder

"Spreads Like Butter"

Sold by Grocers everywhere —15c and 25c a package

THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. LTD.
INGERSOLL, ONT

HEMSTITCHED LINENS

Think how much they will add to the attractiveness of your home—imagine your table set with snowy, hemstitched cloth and napkins, fancy your guest room equipped with hemstitched linens, sheets, pillow-slips, and so on!

And it isn't a bit costly either — if you have us do it

Our facilities are such that we are enabled to do this work, as well as pleating, scalloping, making covered buttons, etc., at little cost, and quickly

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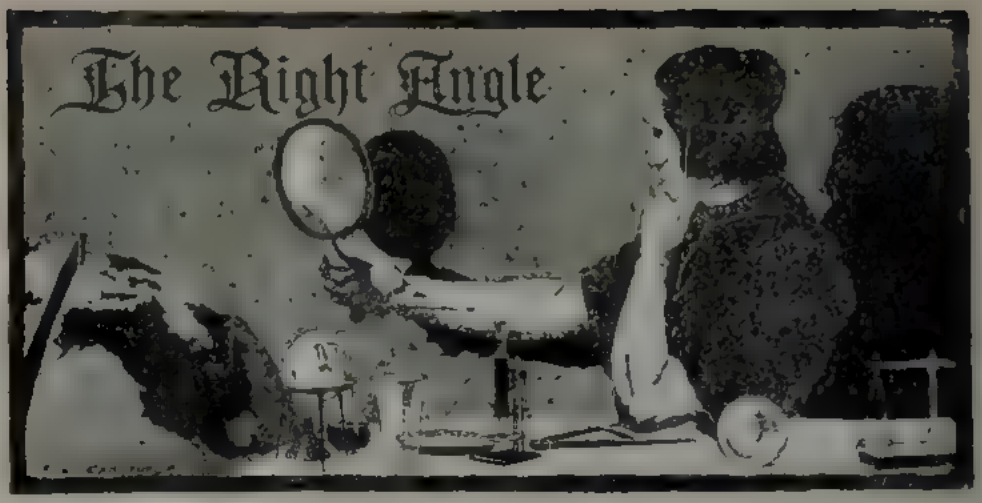

THE FIRST WARM DAY

"IT'S a right pretty day," remarked Moses, as he brought in the wood, more with the air of one who performs a rite than one who is about the necessary business of the morning's work. "Yassuh, it's not azactly wahm, but it suah acts like it was fixin' to be."

"We must really take a walk," said the Missus, glancing from the coffee-cups towards the gay sunshine

We never saw so many lovers as we came upon that afternoon. Strolling along the side streets—the girl's white plumes nodding and a pretty pink flush on her cheeks, the lad's eyes adoring, doubtful, eager. Idling among the leafless trees, where the first cinquefoil and strawberry shoots pushed through the winter's mulching Perched on a damp log, discussing the eternal verities, with long pauses that disturbed neither of the two young creatures. Careering abroad in automobiles, a lilac or rose veil fluttering wildly in the wind. The first warm day had brought them all out, as surely as the experimental blue-bottle fly trying his wings in the sun, and the pointed pale-green fingers of the wild iris

We cut off the beaten trail, and struck down a disreputable side-road that wandered ruttily down-hill, strayed among willows, and climbed, a faint pale ribbon betwen misty purple trees, to the top of a far hill—and was gone

"There's a comfortable dry haystack over yonder—" we suggested with a reflective glance at the Missus out of the tail of our eye

Indeed, and there's nothing of the kind," she declared. "How can there be a haystack when there is a road She pointed at the distant end of the pale ribbon

Are you a sport ?" said we firmly For answer, she swung off down the hill, her muddy boots leaving small prints in the clay

The fields were full of meadow-larks, the ditch was full of pussy-willows, and beyond us the ruddy sun sank in a wraithlike woodland, and the high arch of heaven turned to gleaming gold. Shadows darkened the valleys, and wild ducks settled quacking to the pools. We waved comradely salute to the engineer of a passing freight, and exchanged a good-evening with an Irish section-hand trudging homeward with light dinner-pail. Lamps twinkled out here and there

"Oh, I'm so hungry," suddenly reflected the Missus aloud. "Isn't that a street-car moving over yonder ?"

It was. We could catch it if we ran. We did run, and piled breathlessly aboard a rickety old contrivance that we didn't even know existed in town. Miles from anywhere, we had walked off our map entirely, and the laboring street-car took a full hour to bring us back to any familiar land-marks. With the return of civilization, we had returned also to the lovers, unnecessarily close together in the narrow seats, the world forgotten in each other's eyes

Spring had arrived, while we weren't looking, and settled down to stay.

TAINTED CIRCULATION

WE had something to say recently about smut as exemplified in the debasing stories published by a certain class of magazines. And we said that we didn't believe in the kind of success that such stories apparently achieved.

"Advertising and Selling," a magazine devoted to the interests of advertisers, recently ran an article called "The Morbid Sex Story and Undesirable Circulation Building," which contended that circulation which is built on a reputation for printing dirty stories was not as valuable as circulation built on good, decent editorial matter. The article dealt with the subject purely on a business basis, setting aside all moral considerations We quote from it the following

"It is up to us not to withdraw our advertis-

ing from these publications if they have a g[illegible] reason to exist, but rather to demand that they better their editorial standard. Let me reiterate that this bettering of the editorial standard is a business proposition for us who buy advertising space, and a business proposition for the publishers who sell it. If clean, manly and womanly stories build the circulation of a magazine, the things which clean men and women want will pay when advertised in its columns. Advertisers will continue and increase their patronage for those magazines which keep the faith. Cleanliness, like charity, should begin at home and the magazine which lacks clean-mindedness in its editorial matter is putting up the weakest sort of a front when it says to the advertiser: 'Your copy must be clean and it must not harm any other advertiser's copy. We won't permit it—that shows you how strong and good we are.'

"Give us honesty in advertising and honesty in editorial treatment. Then, and only then, we will have resultful publicity."

Previously, we have dealt with the moral phase of the subject rather than the hard business dollars-and-cents side of it; but the latter is nevertheless worth consideration. That an honest business is best built up by honest methods is a truism each new generation has to relearn.

WAKING UP

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been a giant asleep for many years, but its nap is being interrupted. According to the official reports, 650 miles of new railway, exclusive of double-tracking, were laid in the province last year. Of this, 285 miles are credited to the Grand Trunk Pacific, 212 miles to the Canadian Northern, and the remainder is divided between the Canadian Pacific and four other provincial lines. Transportation being to a country what lungs are to a human being, the next few years will undoubtedly see the inauguration of great changes in our sunset province.

GOOD WORK

WE do not know anything that pleases us more than observing the handiwork of a good workman. Stamped unmistakably with the intelligence and conscientious nicety of its author, it is a dumb witness to the faith he has kept with himself and his Creator.

Last winter, when the first soft snow fell fleecily upon street and hedgerow, we chanced to look over into our neighbor's back yard, and observed his woodpile. Now the average woodpile is a casual heap of knots and sticks and branches, hastily flung together by whatever meal-hunting odd-job man you can inveigle into a session with the saw-buck and the saw. But this was a workmanlike and orderly edifice, built between four stakes firmly driven into the ground, and squared up rectangularly, split length neatly piled on split length, ready for the fireplace. Not a chip was visible. The kindling was stacked under the steps, away from dump. The rose-[illegible] were [illegible] with straw, the strawberry plot mulched, the English ivy protected from frost, everything shipshape for the winter. That back yard spoke eloquently of the industry, forethought and workmanship of its owner.

Seventy years old, bright-eyed and humorous, he has kept faith with his work for a lifetime. We cannot imagine him planing a careless edge. If good work is a religion, he ought to be at least a deacon in his church.

In Spotless Town this teacher rules
The new Domestic Science Schools
"A little loaf is good," she said.
"It helps to make us better bred."
We soften crusty natures so
By polishing with
SAPOLIO
TRY this on your dirtiest, greasiest pan:
Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. Scour the black surface of the pan.
Sapolio quickly drives the grease and grime
Sapolio keeps your hands soft and works *without waste.*
Out!
FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN
DEAR CHILDREN:
WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.
SAPOLIO
Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers,* New York City

INSIDE INFORMATION

I [illegible] my hair, and crawled up the ladder into the narrow shaft, following the dimly-seen legs of the tuner.

"Now don't jump when the speed turns her on," he warned me. "If you can't stand the racket, cover your ears."

Far up above the dizzy staging of the passage board towered the pipes of the great organ, far down they descended into a black abyss. The tuner's candle shed a tiny circle of

International Harvester Oil and Gas Engines

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GRAIN AND HAY MACHINES
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HAVE you a washing machine and a churn at your house? Do you pump water, saw wood, grind feed, run a cream separator?

Do you do this work by hand? If so, you will be able to save [illegible] time for other work by having an International oil or gas engine do this drudgery for you.

An International engine will last many years working for you economically and without trouble because of such features as these: Accurately ground piston and lapped rings, offset cylinder head, large valves, detachable valve guides, fuel pump, etc. The engines are of all styles—vertical, horizontal, stationary and portable; air and water-cooled—sizes from 1 to 60-H. P. They operate on the cheapest or most convenient fuel.

Learn all about them at the local dealer's. If he does not sell International engines, write us for interesting catalogues and full information. Drop us a postal card to-day.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1 00 and upwards. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number.

Accounts can be opened and operated by mail as easily as by a personal visit to the Bank

light. Below us, the unseen organist began a soft, slow theme on the little flutes. It spread and grew like a new day coming. Now the double-mouthed flutes—those mellow birds—joined their more delicate brothers; and then the diapasons sounded. Then the wizard at the keyboard began to call out the troops—the cornopians and trumpets swung into line, and the music marched away like an army off to war

By now, it almost choked me, but I clung to my perch and waited. At last, with a click of engaging couplers, the whole great organ burst into a deluge of tone. Overwhelmed, I struck my colors and fled, slipping incontinently down the ladder, landing, bruised and dusty, on the janitor's mop; and the overture to Tannhauser arrived on the ground floor at the same time

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Patchwork Quilt

Continued from page 403

But, as the last Sabbath in September drew near, the parish became suspicious that there was something mysterious about the work going on at the rectory. Carpets were visible under the plum trees; curtains were known to be taken down and washed. This might it is true betoken the return of the minister only. The motherly old lady in charge who had been Mr. Thurston's nurse was reticent. The best pumper in the neighborhood had plied her pump in vain.

Mrs. McCoy called on Mrs. Ross one Saturday afternoon, and "mistrusted the minister was going to bring home a wife for himself."

"Oh, pshaw," said Mrs. Ross, "I guess I know which way his mind is set. Malviny you go and bring out a breadth of your new ingrain carpet and show it to Mrs. McCoy. Hain't that copperas color splendid? Malviny colored it herself."

Mrs. McCoy praised the carpet, but coldly. "Fer her own part, she wasn't partial to copperas color, she preferred but'nut."

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the congregation in St. Peter's church had not met at so early an hour; and the fans which so wildly fluttered were but faint symbols of the agitation that shook the breasts of their flutterers. But Mr. Thurston appeared no sooner than his wont. At ten thirty though, there was a breathless hush; it was known that he was coming—the interminableness of the seconds to those in the front seats who in decency couldn't stay facing the door was terrible. He came, and beside him Kitty Ross Thurston

How About the RAINY DAY?

It's TOUGH on a girl to be UP AGAINST IT!

A man can hit the wall and bounce back—but it hurts a woman.

YOU are a woman, what are YOU going to do when the RAINY DAY comes? That is it—DO IT NOW—keep yourself from want. You may not be educated or have money but you have sense, ambition, courage.

The Modern Institute of Applied Psychology offers to a few openings in our Toronto office. To the right girl we guarantee a position at $18 to $26 a week to start. We will train the girls we select in their spare time and in a few weeks time we can safely say they will be able to do themselves credit.

Can you see yourself trained to scientific beauty culture, facial treatments, manicuring and hair dressing, Jean shop with short hours and pleasant lady customers? Can you see yourself in a business of your own? That is the opportunity

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Cash's Woven Names

Greta Greer

Continued from page 411

something. In stores, she'd pick up something, and she'd steal even from me. It cost poor Sol a heap of money to keep her out of jail and us out of the papers, and at last we sent her to a sort of sanitarium where, after a long time, they said she was cured. In the meantime oil had done its best for us and we were on Easy Street."

"And how was she when you got her home?" asked Dare.

"She was perfect at first—just perfect, our Jennie all over again. We both thanked God in our own ways that such a blessing had come to us, for we had no children. We were that happy!" She stopped a moment and covered her face with her hands. "But it didn't last long. They told us at the sanitarium to keep her occupied, and what do you think she chose as a business? She made jewelry!"

"Made it?"

"Yes, sir, made it! You never saw such pretty things as she made, putting a lot of old junk together. She could turn out some of the oddest, loveliest things you ever laid your eyes on,—she was a perfect genius for settings. That's why Sol makes me have everything set so plain, he can't bear to be reminded of it. Well, he used to buy her a lot of old gold and silver and semi-precious stones to tinker with, and many's the time I've worn her things along with my good stuff."

Added to the pain, there was a deal of pride in Mrs. Threckmeyer's voice as she told of her Jean's accomplishment.

"And then?" asked Billy quietly.

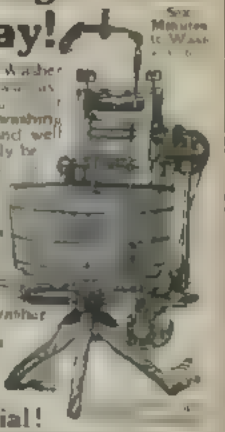
After his first few words the detective sat perfectly silent, scarcely appearing to take any interest in Mrs. Threckmeyer's story. In fact Dare, looking at him once or twice, fancied that the attitude of pained boredom was rather an inappropriate one for the occasion.

"Well, then—oh dear Lord, it's hard to tell it to strangers—I haven't ever said it exactly to Sol nor he to me—we began to miss things, and our friends missed them and we knew she wasn't cured! We had the best advice in the west, Dr. Dare—"she addressed him as though expecting a denial of the statement—"and they said to send her east, to make her earn her own living, to cut her away from us and our protection, and not to allow her much in the way of money, to try to remove temptation from her. She seemed to like the idea, in fact she was crazy to go—it was poor old Sol and I who hated it. She said we accused the wrong person, for she was innocent, and had not taken the things, she even claimed that some one who had known of her former trouble had taken advantage of that knowledge and fastened the suspicion on her easily covering their own tracks. We wished we could believe her."

Billy Cunningham groaned, at least Dare thought he did, but perhaps he was mistaken for upon looking at the fellow, Billy coughed elaborately and seemed to resent the scrutiny

"She said she would take elocution lessons," went on Mrs. Threckmeyer

Make Things Hum on Washday!



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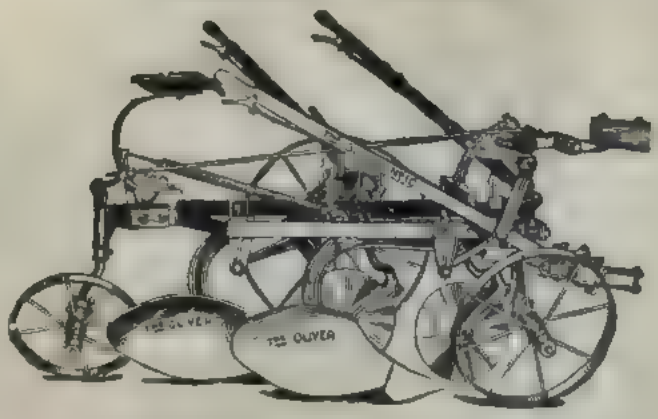

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"that she might like to go on the stage. We agreed to anything as long as she would keep straight, and everything *did* look that way—until—this!"

"How long has she been away?" asked Dare professionally.

"Five years."

"And in the meantime, has the old trouble never returned?"

"It didn't seem to, or else we never heard about it. Jean made wonderful progress in the school, and earned quite a lot of money coaching amateurs, you know. The girl must have worked hard."

"I'm *sure* she did," put in Cunningham positively. "And what makes you think—"

"Oh, yes, I'm coming to that! You see, she was chosen to coach these people of Mrs. Beaufort's—and—don't you see? It is so hard for me to say it—she was there with them and must have known about the jewels being taken out of the vault—and she broke out again. Oh, what, what *shall* I do?"

Mrs. Threckmeyer wept bitterly.

Dare's professional interest as well as his sympathy was now aroused, and gladness lay deep beneath everything else. If Mrs. Threckmeyer was correct in her suspicious, then no stigma could be attached to the name of Greta Greer. But as he swiftly reviewed the facts, he came to these conclusions; First, that it was improbable after five or more years successful resistence that the girl should wish to steal; and second, that if she wished it, the habit of resistance would be sufficiently strong to help her effect a good fight. Hers had probably been a case of unawakened moral nature, and after going to the east (or perhaps before) the girl had seen her crime in its true light and with very little effort had crushed the temptation to steal. Further, if what she claimed were true—if some one in Winnipeg had made use of intimate knowledge with the Threckmeyers to throw suspicion upon her and cover their tracks—in such an event, it was highly improbable that the niece should have had anything to do with the robbery. Of course it was possible, owing to the magnificence of the Beaufort collection, but not probable

"And why, Mrs. Threckmeyer, do you feel so positive that the girl was again tempted, have you no other reason than speculation? Could some one else not have been guilty?"

For answer she handed Dare a crumpled note. It read:—

Dearest Aunt Lucilla:—

I wonder whether if ever you can forgive me for this offence? Surely you will, when I tell you that your love and patience through all those other years, have made me no worse than I am, and have made this thing possible. I can't help it—I have broken out in a new spot!

If you could only know the temptation! You will see about it in the papers, and you will come to see me when you get back from abroad, won't you? I shall be "fixed for life" as they say, and if you and Uncle Sol still love me, my cup of happiness will be fuller than I deserve.

Yours,
Jean.

"Is she confessing that she has stolen the jewels?" asked Dare after reading the note aloud.

"What else?" queried Mrs. Threckmeyer, wiping her eyes.

"Is this the way she used—er—to—er—do— I mean, did she always tell you?"

"Never."

Dare shook his head. "I don't see even now why you should feel so positive "

"Because—because—oh, Mr. Cunningham, don't *you* understand—because—this is such a big, daring thing, because if *any* one is capable of altering the settings—oh, it's horrible to think about!"

Billy looked strangely at the woman's bowed head, and the expression of pain in his eyes made Dare suffer. Concentration costs some people dear.

"She came to the steamer to see me," continued Sol's wife, "to say good bye, and she slipped this note into my hands as she was leaving. In the excitement and hurry that evening I forgot it and didn't read it until the following morning just before going on deck. It was afterward that the paper blew in Miss Kelly's face and I knew that my fears were confirmed. She paused for a moment, adding somewhat bitterly, "I must say she was radiantly happy over it, I never saw her look so well."

Happening to look at Cunningham just then, Dare was surprised to see a fleeting smile, a boyish gleam of happiness pass over his face. Coming as it did after the expression of misery and anxiety he was at a loss to account for it.

"She must have slipped the jewels into my bag too, for I found them there this morning," whispered Mrs. Threckmeyer.

These words had a magic effect upon the detective. Leaping to his feet, he bent over Mrs. Threckmeyer excitedly, trying to make her answer his catapult of questions all in one breath.

"When did you arrive on board?"

"At five o'clock."

"When did Jean leave?"

"About a quarter past—she was only with me a few minutes."

"Did she have your satchel?"

"I didn't think so, but—"

"Had you never looked in it since coming on board?"

"Yes, but I didn't see the chamois bag."

"Where are they now— the jewels?"

"Under the mattress of the upper berth!"

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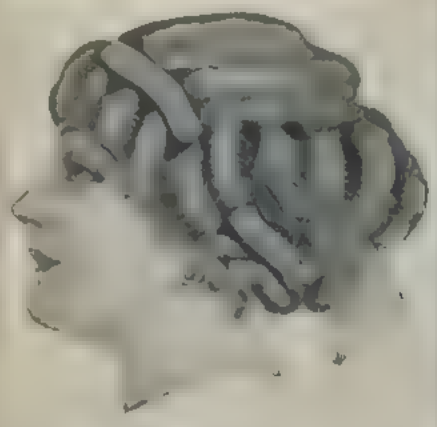
Although Dare rushed to the spot, Cunningham was the first to pull what looked like a harmless chamois skin bag from its place of concealment He was as excited as Dare had seen him in the old days when everything depended upon half a length of a shell, or less than an inch in a high jump

Mrs. Threckmeyer looked at him resentfully, as he danced around the cabin talking to himself and calling on all the saints to bless them. She turned to Ellis Dare

"The papers said we would be searched," she sobbed. "What shall I do with those, doctor?"

Give them to me," shouted Billy wildly, give them to me. Bless your heart, we are on the right track, and heaven bless dear little Jean! I'll take care of these—" he patted the bag— "and now I'm off to the Marconi man. Keep your own counsel, I beg, and believe me—it's awful to be in love!"

To be continued



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"Shadow and Sun for every one
As the years go on—"

LIFE is very like April—a thing of shadow and sun, of hope and tears. No matter how old or sorrowful we may be there is always—while life lasts—that touch of spring we call Hope. Even when Death strikes his cruel blow—there is at least the hope of meeting again Somewhere. Without that we would go mad. That is why religion—faith—is the consolation, the comforter of the whole world. Well, April is here with its reminder of our journey along a road which seems at times to be the path to Calvary—April, the time of youth, of expectancy, of promise. Shadow to-day; showers—those tears of Nature—to-morrow, but somewhere, sometime the sunshine, the delicious warmth, the flowers. . . the perfume

STORED SUNSHINE

THE sunshine of April is bright but cold, yet now and again a day occurs when across the April chills there flits the warm breath of May. Spring in her passage across the world but flicks Canada with a catkin or two when, lo, it is summer. The robin is singing in the first ecstasy of love-making. The buds are swelling and fattening upon the bare branches. A little colony of snowdrops has sprung up in the fence corner and presently a golden crocus will warm the border with its stored sunshine. By the way, do you ever think of the sunshine you stored up—if you be wise—during the years? or of the sunshine hoarded in apples and oranges and wine? All the colour and sweetness of the natural world may be regarded indeed as the work of the sun. The luscious honey-comb, the varying and glowing colors of flowers and foliage, the flashing plumage of tropic birds—all are so much hoarded sunshine. But the sunshine that is stored in men and women who have lived to a frosty, but kindly, old age is the best of all, for it is made out of the faith and hope and love garnered during a long life. Not all people mellow with the years.

Johnson used to say that he believed men might be generally observed to grow less tender as they advanced in years. He, himself, was sound at the core, but mellowness was not one of his characteristics. I think his dictionary hardened him somewhat. There is little stored sunshine in a dictionary. Clear frosty weather is more in its line—good, firm ground over which it is hard sledding sometimes.

EASTER

BEYOND the general brisking up of people who feel that winter may safely be held to be over; new clothes and spring bonnets; the chocolate eggs of the children; the decorated churches and the beautiful Easter hymns, there is not much to mark the season. Eastertide has never been the centre of such a mass of folk-lore and customary observances and beliefs as Christmas. Christmas fare alone is a subject which covers a wide variety of topics, in which a poor Pedlar, picking here and there a scrap for his Pack, rejoices,—but the sole article of food connected with the spring festival is a concoction—now deceased—known as tansy pudding. What "tansy" may be, this chronicler knoweth not, save that it sounds like quinsy of which a cardinal story was once made

If we have not the plum pudding and mince pies, however, we have the hare and eggs of the little South German children, many of whom believe that the good beast has a natural and maternal connection with the eggs. Legend has it that the hare was once a

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bird. To her there entered the goddess Ostara and presented her with two extra legs, making an animal of her. The hare appears to have been delighted with this dubious promotion, which cost her her wings, and ever after to have laid grateful eggs at Easter time, all of which is commemorated in the candy shops.

A minor Easter legend of a very quaint and curious kind is that of the dancing sun. This is a firm belief in certain parts of Ireland, and there never came an Easter Day while we lived there that we did not rise betimes to see the sun dance. And once the Pedlar saw it. There was old Phoebus whirling and lepping like an Irish hunter taking the ditches—all round the room from one corner to another, and small wonder, for while we stood gaping at the ceiling, the little looking-glass in our upturned hand set the sun a-dancing.

DANCING SUN LEGENDS

THERE is documentary evidence, however, to prove it.

On the moring of Easter Sunday, 1884, a lady on her way to early service in London was stopped by a respectably-dressed person whose speech betrayed her Hibernian origin, and who asked, "Have you noticed the sun this morning? My eyes are weak and dim now, and I can't see it dance." Could anything be stranger than to find this old world fancy which carries one back to pagan days of long ago when sun-worship was specially connected with the festivals of the springtime—to find so picturesque and so old a superstition actually still alive and apparently believed in by an inhabitant of the capital of the world only sixteen years ago?

It is less surprising to find traces of the belief still lingering in country districts. Miss Burne, in her well-known splendid collection called "Shropshire Folk-lore" quotes a letter dated October, 1879, written by a Shropshire clergyman, in which it is related how the wife of a Broseley labourer said she had heard of the sun's performance but did not believe it true, still, as she said, "On Easter morning last I got up early and then I saw the sun dance, and dance, and dance, three times, and I called to my husband and said, 'Rowland, Rowland, get up and see the sun dance!' I used not to believe it, but now I can never doubt more." The neighbors agreed with her that the sun did dance on Easter morning, and some of them also had seen it.

A like example of faith from Devonshire. Some fifty odd years ago a clergyman of that country wrote that an old woman in his parish, who had been kept from church on Easter Day by sickness in her family, told him that she had looked out of her window and had seen the sun dancing beautifully. Seeing the parson's puzzled look, she added—"Dancing for joy, to be sure, at Our Saviour's resurrection on Easter Morning. Three or four years ago, Thomas Corney and Mary Wilkey, and a party of us went to the end of Kennicot Lane to see it, but Mary couldn't see anything. There was the sun whirling round and round, and every now and then jumping up"—and she indicated with her hand an upright leap of nearly a yard—"and Thomas would say, 'There, Mary, didn't ye see that?' 'No, fai', I saw nothing.' And so we came home again. Our little Johnny gets up every year to see it." In Devonshire, also, some

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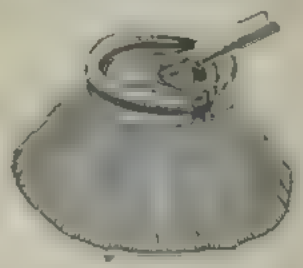
and it is Always "It"



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country folk used to get up, not to see the sun dance, but in the belief that they would see the lamb and flag in the centre of the luminary's disc. The late Mr. William Henderson, equally known as an angler and a folk-lorist, said that poor women in the neighborhood of Dartmoor had told him that, as girls, they had been accustomed to go out in parties at sunrise to see the lamb in the sun, looking at it through a darkened glass, and always some had declared that they saw it. Great is the power of imagination and deception

FROM THE WEST TO THE EAST AND BACK AGAIN

MADAME LA MODE is busy these days sending her wares from Paris to Hong Kong. According to the Consular and Trade reports, Chinese women are taking to our fashions as cats to cream. Nor are the men behind. Why people who wear the most sensible dress of all races in the world, should throw it aside to don our absurd costume is beyond the imagination of even a poor Pedlar. Of course, the Chinese women of the diplomatic circle led the fashion of adopting foreign-style clothing, and Hong Kong shop windows are doing the rest

The changes began with knit underwear and now end with the long coat Formerly men and women in China obtained warmth in winter by additions to the number of their beautiful loose coats which were either quilted or furlined. What is called with us this winter "the Typewriter Coat" has supplanted the quaint beautiful Chinese fashion

High heels have also found their way to China. Even bound-foot women have taken to wearing foreign made, leather shoes. French lingerie, valenciennes-edged, is likewise much used, while our girlie styles in hair dressing have been long since adopted by the fair Geishas of Japan

Which reminds me of a story·

A lady, great in her own estimation, and of high social standing got up a fete—after the manner of Japan—in the name of sweet charity. The fete—in its native place—was or is one given in that quarter of a Japanese city which would be publicly denounced by Reverend Chadbands everywhere, and absolutely ignored by the polite society of Western circles. But to the dear, sweet society girls of Ontario, or Manitoba, or British Columbia, or where you will, it appealed as the most innocent of festivities, and each debutante-blossom, led by the Queen Rose of the society garden of girls—arrayed herself in the quaintest Eastern demi-monde toilette, and sold flowers for the poor little slum children—or was it the Aged Women's Home? The Pedlar looking in at the doorway of the great hall, beheld two Chinamen conversing earnestly, and as nearly

smiling as Christian Chinks may permit themselves. And the Pedlar would have given an eyebrow to have understood ching-ching-cling Chinese at that moment. Here was the West—and the society westerners at that, aping the modes of Eastern naughtiness, and here to-day, are China and Japan taking to the ribbons and laces and lingerie of our virtuous West—even to our cigarettes and vanity bags.

But if the East has adopted our modes, we, through M. Poiret, have gone to the harem for some of our creations in which East meets West in violent contrast. Civilization and savagery are oddly mixed. A French Canadienne wore a gown the other day which was an extraordinary jumble of contradictions. There was a trouserette effect in front, but the Oriental touch was belied by the serpentine little train behind. An ethereal tunic of shadow-lace was embraced by a shaggy girdle of fur which somehow suggested the rape of the Sabines. Cabochon pearls encircled the coiffure, and with long coiles pendant over the ears, gave a Nubian touch. The decolletage revealed — everything. Altogether madame suggested Cleopatra, a Sabine maiden, a Parisian declasse, a great lady of society, and a cave-woman—all in one. What a triumph of Art!

THE PASSING OF A FINE SOUL

ALL Canada knew the bright little pseudonym, "Lady Gay," under which the late Mrs. Alfred Denison veiled her identity. It was the pen-name of the creator of smart paragraphs, of sharp epigrams, of bright sketches of travel, and of mild adventure. She was the most joyous creature! the sort of woman you would count on to live to a hundred and keep her faculties bright to the end of her century. Yet she opened a door quietly and went out into the dark—or was it the light?—and returned not. I remember thinking of her at one time—before I got to know her well—as a very sensible woman, rather hard, perhaps—not very sympathetic—and given to spearing anybody for the sake of pointing an epigram. But that was her shell. We got under it—as those whom she loved and who loved her got under it,—and we found beneath, a fine humanity.

Tenderness for all who needed it, large understanding, sympathy that was worth having because it was sincere, and great "lovingness." Dignity "Lady Gay" had always, and the fine manner and sweet behaviour of the gentle woman. Misunderstood she was,—often, but that she let go by with a laugh. Her greatest virtue was that one so rarely found in woman, a sense of justice. She was unutterably just, and of a noble mind. Her greatest

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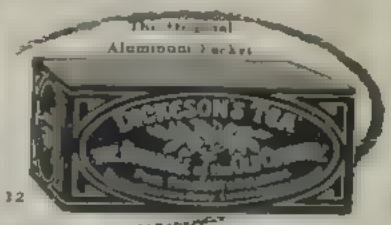

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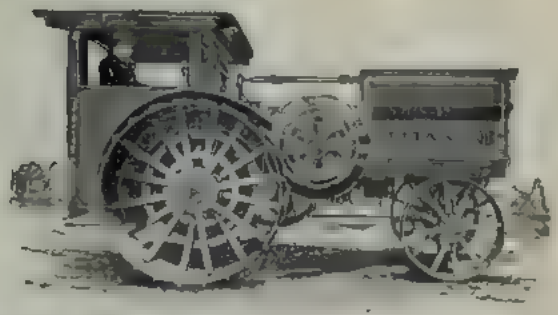

THE I H C LINE
GRAIN AND HAY MACHINES
Binders Reapers
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Hay Loaders
Hay Presses
CORN MACHINES
Planters, Pickers
Binders, Cultivators
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Shellers, Shredders
TILLAGE
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INTERNATIONAL Harvester oil tractors rank first as machines for all-around farm use. Enumerate a dozen of your farm operations and you will find these tractors—Mogul or Titan—can be used with profit in all.

They furnish reliable power for all belt machines and for disking, plowing and other drawbar work. Features which make I H C tractors valuable are the truck design, the large mainshaft and its long bearings, the power starting system, the dust proof engine—features of proved value which you find on all I H C tractors.

I H C tractors, Mogul or Titan, are simple, strong and easily operated. They are built in all sizes, 12 to 30-60-H. P., and in styles to meet the needs of every good sized farm. The I H C line also includes various styles of general purpose engines from 1 to 60-H. P., operating on high and low grade fuel oils.

Write us for catalogues and other information about tractors and engines.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd
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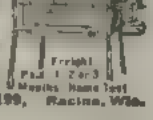

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gift was humor—also rare in woman There was not a morbid ounce in her she was never pathetic and rarely indulged in bathos. A childless wife, she had an immense maternity for anything that was small or suffering—or for the broken man or woman.

And she was a fine journalist. The word "newspaper woman" she detested, as she did "woman-reporter." These offended her sense of dignity. She was too much a lady to be a fighter, and too much a gentlewoman to be a coward. Keen of wit and frank, she was superbly honest. Some such words I wrote about her when she went away, and in memory of her and justice to that memory, I write them again in this widely-read magazine, that those who never met her may know that this Canadian woman was deeply honoured in her own country. She believed in the continuation of our efforts after we have lifted the curtain which divide this world from the next; she believed that when we shed the poor shell we call our body, we shall go on from height to height until we attain unto perfect being, perfect happiness. Now she knows, while we are left trembling here, toiling and hoping and suffering, under the weaving of shadow and sun.

SUSPENSION OF MEMORY

THE recent case which excited all Canada of a professor who, losing his memory, therefore lost himself, brings to mind the story of the young clergyman who was accidentally shot in the forehead by a friend just two days before his marriage was to have taken place. For a long time his life hung in the balance. He recovered, but his mind was impaired. His memory retained nothing but the idea of his approaching marriage. Everything was absorbed in that one recollection; his whole conversation turned on that point. It was always two days to the wedding. Years went on. Youth passed away, and still in two days more his wedding would take place. In this condition he reached his eightieth year and sank into the grave with that one idea alone in his mind. What a life!

Sometimes the functions of memory recover after being suspended for a time, but they resume at the very point where they were deprived of their power. A lady was seized with an attack of some kind while she was playing cards. She was unconscious from Thursday evening until the following Sunday morning, when the first words she uttered were "What's trumps?"

We knew a man, who losing his memory for awhile, lost everything else with it but his Greek, and henceforth was alone in the world. A hunting squire who fell on his head "lost

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The Pen with the Magic Button

This pen has gained universal popularity because of two exclusive features. One is a unique self-filling device which enables you to refill the pen from any inkstand or bottle simply by twisting the button. The other is the exquisite gold pen point, which has the flexibility of a fine steel point, and the durability of a hundred.

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From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound whispers even do not escape them. The cause of loneliness has ended and life is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or [illegible] portions of their ear drums have been restored by simple [illegible] scientific [illegible] constructed for that special purpose

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal [illegible] or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums [illegible] Perforated Whole or Part, Lost Bones, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, test means is received show marvelous results. Common sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drum [illegible] restoring perfect hearing where medicine and [illegible] fail to help. They are [illegible] soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are [illegible] by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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FROM the standpoint of *appearance*—the Overland has unusual grace and harmonious body proportions.

From the standpoint of *power*—the Overland is a big powerful smooth running 35 horsepower car; economical to operate; easy to drive.

From the standpoint of *comfort*—the Overland is luxuriously upholstered in genuine hand buffed leather, tufted over specially selected curled hair, made deep with tilted divan cushions; lots of leg room; ample for five passengers; no crowding.

From a *mechanical* standpoint—the Overland chassis is one of the finest and most finished pieces of mechanism in the world.

From the standpoint of *size*—the Overland has the longest wheelbase of any car at this price in the world; the largest motor, the roomiest tonneau, and the largest tires of any car at this price in the world.

And finally, and most important of all, from a *price standpoint*—the Overland costs 30% less than any other similar car on the market

Now from *your standpoint*—can you afford and does it seem reasonable to pay *more* for other cars that offer you *no more* than you get in the Overland for $1250?

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Handsome 1914 catalogue on request

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It's the Ford age—the age of dependable and economical transportation. More than four hundred twenty thousand Fords in world-wide service have changed distance from a matter of miles to a matter of minutes. Buy your Ford to-day

Six hundred dollars is the price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is six fifty, the town car nine hundred—f. o. b. Ford, Ont., complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from your local agent

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Children clamour for it—CROWN BRAND makes the kiddies strong—builds them up this cold weather—grown-ups like it too.

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his talk," as they say at home, in the matter of names and nouns, but memory supplied adjectives very readily. If he wished to speak of any one, he would name him by the shape or color for which he was remarkable, such as "red" if his friend was red-haired, "short" or "tall" according to size. But "black" always meant his hat. He got along very well until one day his hat fell into the river, and shrieking "black, black!" he flew in after it and was drowned. The woman who stood looking at him from the bank thinking he called "back, back," did nothing!

BRAIN FOOD

"IF she were to eat a whale," observed an ungallant man of a woman lately, "she would still have no more brains than an ass." No doubt the widespread notion that to eat fish is to develop the brain, is accountable for this statement as to the lady's intelligence. We find that a food expert in the employ of the Government at Washington derides this popular notion, but maintains that fish is as good as meat for purposes of supplying energy and heat to that complex engine called man. Fish food is rich in the ingredients which make and repair blood, muscle, tendon and bone. Yet a quart of milk contains as much nutrition for the stomach as a quart of oysters, or two pounds of codfish. The older the oyster, the more nutritious it is. Lobsters, crabs, shrimps and crawfish are mere indigestible delicacies. All the nice things, olives, caviar, anchovies, frogs' legs, are mere burdens we inflict on that interior bag, the stomach, which gives us so much trouble. Just think what a make-up is ours. The brain demands phosphorus; the blood, beef; the heart and liver something else; the stomach plain food of any kind; while the intestinal tract shrieks for buttermilk. And we give it deviled crab and a la Newburg, and caviar, and champagne, and then wonder why we have headache and cramp and heartburn. What we want to know is why all the nice things are bad for us and all the plain, unsavoury things are good? Why were oysters and lobsters made and chefs to cook 'em if we are never to taste them. The forbidden fruit always hangs before our eyes. And we are forever plucking and partaking of it. People call that "human nature"—just that way, in a pitying tone—"human nature—poor human nature." But why we should be expected to have any other kind of a nature, a cat nature or a wolf nature, when we are humans—nobody has ever tried to explain. All of which brings us far from our brain food

But then it is a Pedlar's business

HUDSON Six-40

Who Doesn't Want a Six?

If its *weight* is less, its *price* is less and its *fuel* costs less than any comparable car, who doesn't want a Six? Who wants to lose, and pay for losing, all the luxury of riding in a Six?

THE fact that men want Sixes is too apparent to dispute. All the high-priced cars have been forced to Sixes. And scores of other makers have had to capitulate to a demand which proved resistless.

At the New York Show, 54 exhibitors —out of 79—displayed Sixes for best. Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

At the Chicago Show, 67 exhibitors —out of 104 making cars above $1,500 —featured a Six for their best.

Never in motor car history was anything more apparent than this swing to Sixes. It is coming about faster than came the abandonment of one- and two-cylinder motors.

The Reason Is This

Men want to end vibration, and that means continuous power. They want flexibility, want less wear on tires. They want to avoid changing gears in slow traffic, or in climbing any reasonable grade.

And they want this luxury of motion. They want this smoothness which seems like constant coasting.

The only men content without a Six are men who never rode in one.

The New Hudson Six-40 Takes All the Bars Down

Now the HUDSON engineers have taken from Sixes all that held men back.

Sixes were costly. Now the HUDSON Six-40 undersells all cars, whatever the type—size, power and class considered.

Sixes were heavy. Now the HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's Four—the HUDSON "37."

Sixes consumed extra fuel. Now the HUDSON Six-40 consumes one-fourth less than did our HUDSON "37"

Think of that. A longer car than our "37." A higher-powered car. A car with two extra tonneau seats. Yet much less weight and much less fuel cost.

And largely because of a new-type motor—a small-bore, long-stroke motor —which has solved the economy problem.

Buyers of cheap cars can't get Sixes as yet. But men who pay over $1,800 will find everything—even economy—on the side of this HUDSON Six-40. And it won't depreciate like types which are going out

A Beauty All Its Own

Then here is the Streamline body brought to artistic perfection. Note the flowing lines, unbroken at the dash. This type of body is the coming vogue. It is now the vogue in Europe. But you will never see it brought out better than in this year's HUDSON Sixes.

And note below the new ideas in equipment. Note how many of these attractions make their first American appearance in this car

The Hudson Six-54

Our larger Six—frequently called the handsomest car of the year—has the same design and practically the same equipment. It is for men who want a big car—big in size and power. The wheelbase is 135 inches. The price is $2 950, F.O B. Detroit.

Your local Hudson Dealer has these cars on show. They are the year's sensations, and even now we are way behind on orders. Go see them ride in them—then do what you think best. Howard E. Coffin's 56-page book on 1914 cars in general will be mailed you on request.

HUDSON Six-40
$2,250 (*Duty Paid, F.O.B. Detroit*)

Wheelbase 123 inches
Seats up to 7 passengers
Two disappearing seats
Left side drive
Gasoline tank in dash
Extra tire carried ahead of front door
"One-Man" top made of Pantasote
Quick-adjusting curtains.

Dimming searchlights
Concealed hinges
Concealed speedometer gear
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting
Integral windshield
Hand-buffed leather upholstery
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.

Price, $2 250, F O B Detroit, Duty Paid
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra
Standard roadster, same price
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $2,575, Duty Paid, F.O.B. Detroit.

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Men's Clothes

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For the relief of the numerous simple and familiar ailments of Infants and young Children, especially during the period of teething, there is nothing to equal

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER.

It relieves and prevents Convulsions, Gripes, Acidity, Flatulency, Whooping Cough, Cramp, Sickness, Diarrhœa, &c., and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

It contains no [illegible] Opium or other Narcotic

For a healthy [illegible] to the food, prevents [illegible]

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD's.

to travel, not to stop gossiping with lobster and oysters, or walruses or carpenters.

THE MAN AT THE CROSS ROADS

WE often meet him sitting idly with a leg over the stile at the cross roads that offers a short cut across the meadow, and he always has a story or two to tell while we take a shaugh of the pipe together.

"Did ye ever hear the story," is the way he'd begin, or—"There was wan time,"—or, "They tell a tale of how,"—drifting into his recital easy-like between blows of smoke from the pipe.

"Talking of the suffrage for wimmin," he began, "sure the male suffragettes aren't without their own thrials. There was the time when Senator Flinn, of Pennsylvania, was a candydate for office the first time an' a friend who was workin' for him came up with ould Dan Toohey in wan of the Pittsburg wards. Flinn at the time had a partner called Booth, as nice a fella as ever lived. Well, the friend couldn't talk ould Toohey over noways. He kept wavin' him away with the stem of the pipe, an' devil a worrd would he say till Flinn's friend could stand it no longer.

"Then, 'No,' ses he, 'the divil a wote I'll ever wote for the man that killed Lincoln,' ses he.

"'Arrah, what arre you talkin' about?' ses the friend, ses he—'It wasn't Flinn that shot Abe.' ses he—"twas Booth.'

"I knew 'twas wan of thim divils," ses Toohey—'an' I wouldn't wote fur ayther of thim,' ses he, 'not if you was to gimme all the whiskey in Murphy's saloon free,' ses he.

THE RACE

"DID ye ever hear of the two Irishmen who were going to run a race to a certain tree?" asked the man at the cross-roads, after we smoked awhile in silence.

"Well, it seems they had to go be different rowts, an' before they started Mike slapped Pat on the back, an' ses he—

"'How in heaven will we tell who gets there first?' ses he.

"'I'll tell ye, Mike,' ses Pat. 'If I get there first I'll make a mark on the tree wid this bit o' chalk, an' if you get there first you can rub it out,' ses he."

Aristotle, wishing to cure Alexander of his hasty temper, which he was apt to display to many, wrote thus: "Anger is an emotion that is not felt toward inferiors, but rather against superiors. As you have no equal, there can be no fit object of your wrath."

Greater Love

Continued from page 393.

—"but shall I drive you home now?"

They were almost home, whirling through the city past Charlie Wing's place, when Chick touched his arm. "Some day I want you to take me in there."

"But women don't go in there."

"But I've seen them."

"Oh-h—I meant—but why do you want to go in there?"

"I want to see—to see what it looks like inside."

"Well, to-morrow, I'll go in and look it over, and come back and tell you, Chick; and draw a plan of it for you. But I wouldn't take you there."

"Then I'll go myself—some day."

"Well, if you will, you will, I suppose. Well, here we are, and there's your grandmother at the window. Give my love to her—she's a grand old lady, Grannie. And good-by for now—and take care of yourself, dear."

Chick, standing by her grandmother, was looking after Macron's disappearing team. "Grannie, what do you think of Mr. Macron? Wasn't there a lot of talk of him in the papers once?"

"There was, but years ago that was, child—a bit wild maybe, then. But sure we can't all be perfect when we're young. What do any of us know when we're young?"

"That's it, Grannie—what do we know? O Grannie, Grannie, but sometimes I think I want to die!"

"Die is it? What trouble's come into your life that you talk like that—you poor girl that's never lost husband or babe?"

"That never had them to lose, Grannie—and never will. And why is it, Grannie, that a woman's allowed to love and never love come to her?"

"Why is it? Lord, child, whoever could answer that—he'd be the wise one!"

Chick's grandmother was crooning to herself when there came a knock at the door, and, before she could rise, the voice, "Grannie!" and then Jack himself.

"Oo-ra-lay, but you've come back at last!" and she cried over him. And Jack almost cried, too.

"And they didn't shoot you, boy? And didn't I feel, danger or no, you'd come back safe? But it's fine to see you and know it for certain. But the poor men, the brave men, that were lost! But you're lookin' older, Jackie."

"I feel older. I never thought I could feel so old, Grannie. But" he had pulled himself together to ask it—"how's Chick?"

"Oh, the poor girl, but it will hearten her to see you. But I'm glad you're back, for she's worn to the thickness of a straw. And whatever you ever said to her, Jackie, unsay it, lad, before the day is over."

"And where is she, Grannie?"

"She's out driving. But she'll come flying back when she knows."

Jack shaded his eyes with both hands. "And who's this Macron, Grannie, they say she's engaged to?"

"Is she? Oh, a free spending, handsome—a fine man of his kind Jackie."

"I hear he's 'most old enough to be her father, Grannie?"

"Well, who knows that isn't in his favor? Bein' older, maybe he understands her— which everyone don't."

"And, of course, I don't. Though if I'd experimented with every heart that offered I might, too. But who's that moving upstairs?"

"Captain Prady. And go up, Jackie, like a good boy, and say a civil word to him. If you and him had some fallin' out, don't lay that ag'in' him now, the poor man. He's that forlorn about Chick. It's hauntin' this place he is since as far back as they said you and Lappen was lost. Go up and say a civil word to him, Jackie-boy.'

Steamed Beans or Baked Beans

Which Do You Prefer?

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or with the grocer who sells them—or with anyone who wants to buy them.

The Government permits no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that are really baked may be labeled "Baked."

Steamed beans cannot lawfully be labeled "Baked." So, to be sure of the kind you are getting, you must *read the label on the can.*

Heinz Baked Beans are labeled "Baked" and they *really* are baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat; not simply boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be *brought out* by any other than the baking process.

That's why Heinz Baked Beans are preferred by all who understand the difference between steamed beans and baked beans—why they are today the largest selling brand on the market. They have no equals.

Heinz Baked Beans

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

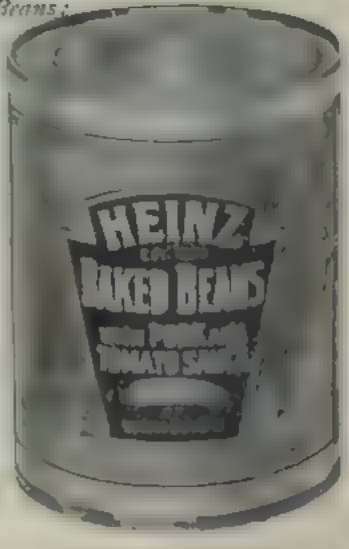
Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.



Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve, Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Tomato Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

More than 50 000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Every Year

It must be Bovril

Even were it double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and *indispensable* article in every home, for Bovril has been proved to possess a Body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

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Of all Stores, etc., at
1 oz. 25c.; 2 oz. 40c.; 4 oz. 70c.; 8 oz. $1.30.
16 oz. $2.25.
Bovril Cordial, Large $1.25; 5 oz. 40c.
16 oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos) $1.20.

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Blue Ribbon Tea

Ask for Blue Ribbon and make sure you get it. It stands for the highest grade of tea.

Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.

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The most fashionable display on the American continent is to be seen on the Fifth Avenue at Easter time. Stay within one block of this exclusive centre, within a stone's throw of the best stores and the principal theatres. There is no better accommodation for Canadians in New York City than at the

HOTEL MARTINIQUE

BROADWAY AND 32ND STREET

CHARLES LEIGH TAYLOR, President WALTER S. GILSON, Vice-President
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We specially cater to our Canadian visitors, change their money and provide social or shopping chaperones without charge. We have three magnificent restaurants, table d'hote and a la carte meals at the most reasonable prices, pleasant rooms with baths at $2.50 per day, refined music and everything that can meet the requirements of the most exacting visitor. Literature and reservations can be secured through our Canadian advertising agents

SELLS LIMITED

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So Jack went upstairs and said, "How are you?" to Prady, whereat the older man's face lit up immeasurably; and they set to chatting of one thing or another, of everything but Chick, when suddenly, unaccountably to Jack, Prady's eyes glowed. "She's coming," he said. Jack then heard the carriage stopping below, and presently the opening and closing of the street door, and then the nervous, quick stepping of feet below stairs. By and by—he knew the step now—she was heard ascending the stairs.

She came in and nodded to Prady. Jack, who was in the far corner, had also risen to greet her; but seeming not to see him, she took a position by the window, which opened onto the rear yard

Jack saw how slender she had become. The old blazing color, too, was gone. Without warning she turned on him. "What about Lappen?"

"He went down with his vessel when it was shelled by the Japs. We'd been hunting seals illegally, off the east coast of Sakhalin Island. And he wouldn't have been lost, but he was trying to save his money chest. He wanted it for you."

"For me? And came near to bringing death and disgrace to you?"

"Me into disgrace? Me? Was I of a child's age or what? And what had he to do with me? 'Twas for you. He went to his death for you, and you say that. God, but you've grown to be a terrible woman, Chick!"

"Perhaps so. Perhaps so. But I've tried not to be, Jack. But come here, Jack. Let's forget all that. See," and she indicated the neglected garden. "Do you remember the little girl, Jack, who used to look across from her window mornings to you in your window, and you in your little nightgown leaning out to point to your Chinese John what flowers to cut for your mommer's breakfast table? Do you ,Jackie?"

The compelling voice drew him across the room. The nearness to her set his heart to thumping terribly. Were Prady not there he would have gathered her close. Pledged or no to Macron, it would not have mattered.

"And now it's a gambling house!"

"Only to think—a gambling house!" she repeated, and with that ran out of the room and down the stairs; another moment, as if for a brief word to her grandmother, and Jack heard the street door close behind her.

Prady exclaimed, "I'll bet she's gone around the corner to Charlie Wing's—to the silk store. There's a ladies' game there, you know. *Ladies*!" he repeated, and stepped across the room, and looked gloomily out of the rear window.

Thirsting to hear of her smallest

Continued on page 444.

Meat Eaters

Continued from page 389

cent wheat fed to hogs and the hogs sold at $7.00 would mean that you were getting $1.00 a bushel for your grain. If you help out the wheat feeding with alfalfa or rape pasture, you can get the 100 pounds of pork on less wheat and your profit is bigger. Barley is about as good as wheat

There's a man near Lethbridge, Otho T. Lathrop, who came from Afton, Iowa, in 1905, who banks on alfalfa for pork raising. Mr. Lathrop has 300 acres in alfalfa and cuts five tons an acre every year He says he can sell his alfalfa for hay at $15.00 a ton, or $75.00 per acre, but he doesn't do it because he can get more for it by selling it as hog flesh.

"We can raise twenty-five hogs per acre on alfalfa by changing them from pasture to pasture and keeping them always on green feed," says Mr. Lathrop. "We are turning off an average of 1,000 hogs per year which we sell for $18.00 per head at ten months of age. The cost of raising a hog is $6.00 counting full expense and interest at 8 per cent on our investment. Each hog gives us $12.00 profit, and the land we use to grow them yields us $300 a year an acre in hog meat. That's ten per cent interest on a valuation of $3,000 an acre. Improved land seeded to alfalfa is selling at $100 an acre and up. We finish our hogs for market with ground wheat and barley, which gives us a finished profit equal to Iowa's corn-fed hogs. The market for our pork is practically unlimited."

Mr. C. E. Mundi, formerly of Boston, now living near Strathmore, has found it very profitable to raise hogs on barley and oats. "I may say that with this method of farming there is practically no chance of failure," he says. "I am able to make a clear profit of from $11.00 to $12.00 per head on my hogs, good animals selling from $18.00 to $20.00."

And then there are sheep. There is always a good profit in growing sheep where sheep will grow, and sheep will grow in Alberta—sheep as well as cattle and hogs. George M. Hoch will tell you that. Mr. Hoch was located near Lethbridge. He "took a chance" on sheep when he saw his grain crop wouldn't fully mature one year, and this is the result. Instead of not making any money, as he had feared, he cleared $19,200 on his sheep.

"My experience has been with sheep," he says, "and I will say that with a supply of alfalfa as a base, and after allowing the sheep to glean the fields in the fall and so long as winter holds off, with the fodder to fall back upon, one is safe for profits notwithstanding any adverse conditions that

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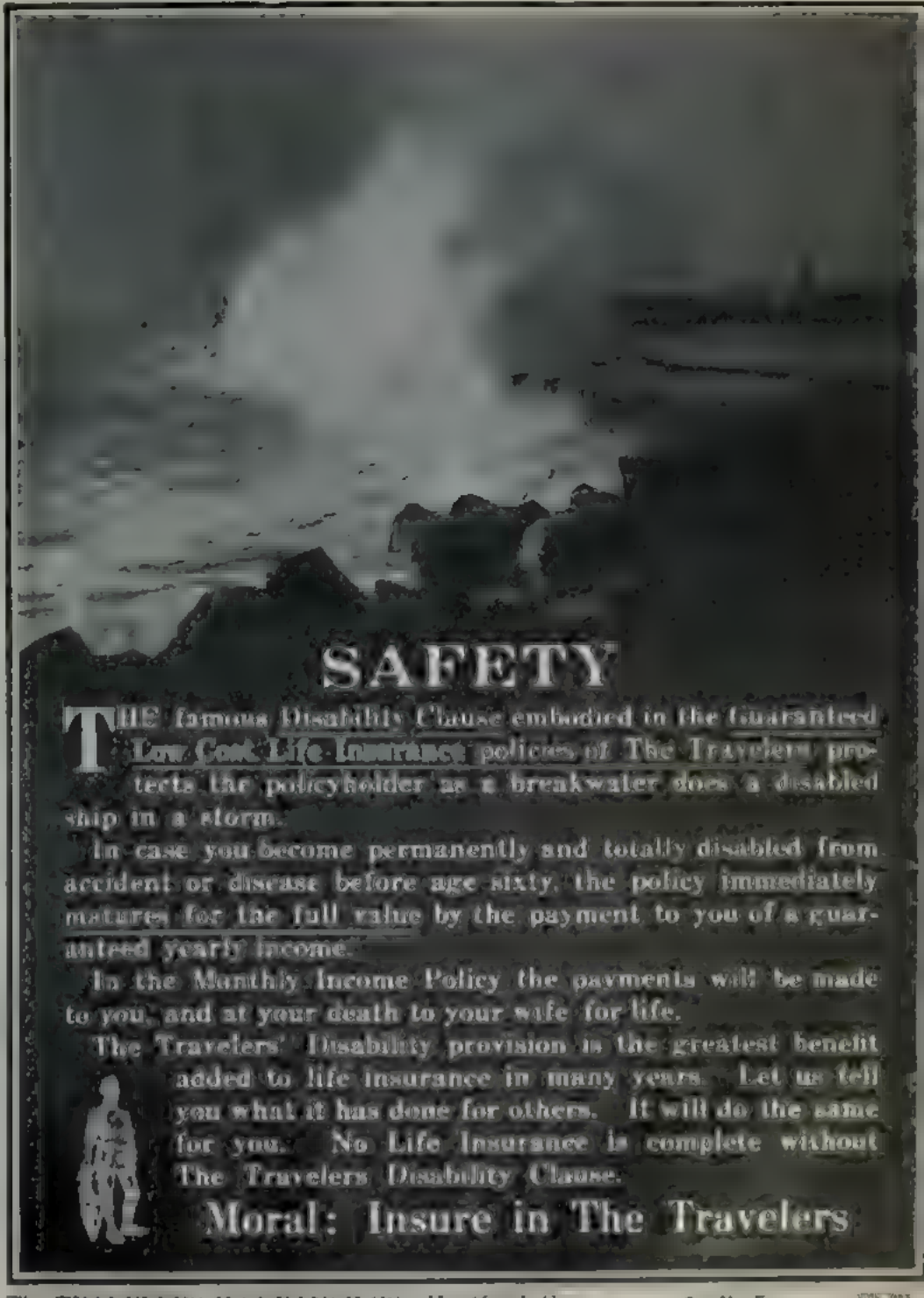
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may occur to prevent the full maturing of the crop."

He had about 400 tons of alfalfa hay stacked, which he used to feed and shelter through the winter the 3,200 sheep he bought in October. The losses, lambs, old sheep, and all, counted, amounted to just five per cent. The wool clip paid all expenses and he sold the flock and lambs for $19,200 the next fall.

So, Mr. Farmer, there's cattle, and there's hogs, and there's sheep. And some men have proved that any and all of them can be grown on your grain farm and at a bigger profit than if you have nothing but a grain farm.

Besides that, you'll be wanting some meat yourself—you and your friends and your children and your grandchildren. If we don't raise it in Canada, we'll have to go without, for the United States is going to have a hard time feeding its meat-hungry mouths, and Europe is howling for all the Argentine can raise.

What are you going to do about it, Mr. Canadian Farmer?

Ahead of the Tracklayer

Continued from page 398

that are "crummy." But these are not the camps of the railways. The Canadian Pacific, for instance, has always been regarded as first in the treatment of its men, for whom extensive "welfare work" is carried on. While, like other lines, it has no patience with the born-tired and is obliged to secure any permanence of labor, to adopt the system of deferred payments, yet it does what it reasonably can to make the men's idle hours endurable.

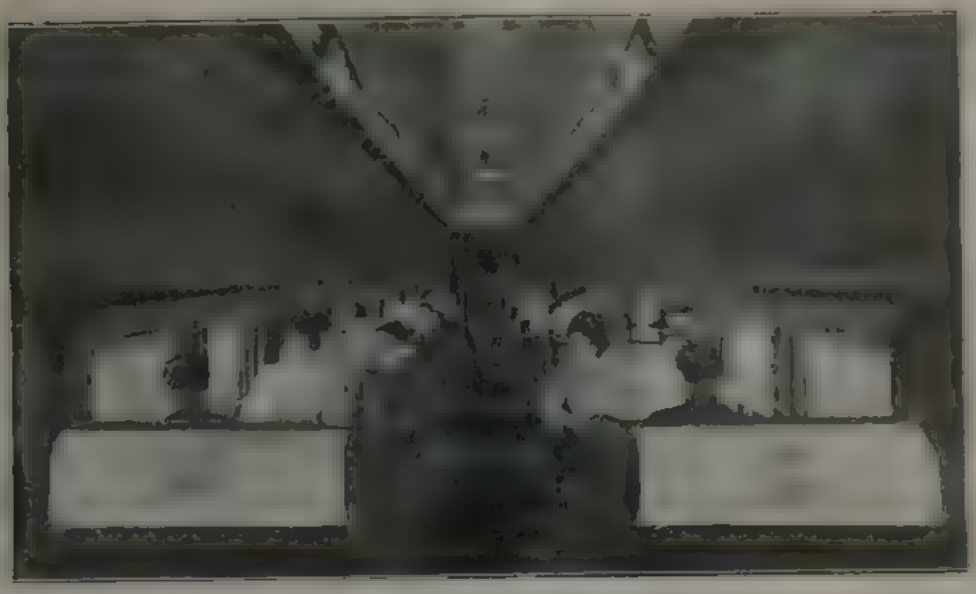
Thus it has given ready encouragement to the Reading Camp movement. This movement aims to educate the frontiersman and brighten his evenings on mental and moral improvement lines.

Under the auspices of the Reading Camp Association nearly four hundred graduates and undergraduates have donned the rough dress of the workmen, and, while driving a donkey-engine, or "falling" timber, or "chickadeeing" or "bucking," by day, have devoted their leisure to night schools.

The Canadian navvy, including the French-Canadian, is fast disappearing from the frontier camps, his place being taken by Europeans. These "foreigners," as we too slightingly call them, are splendid workmen, and, on the whole, a better type than the average English-speaking laborer of the same class. They are not superior to the Canadian, the American, or the Englishman doing skilled work, but are decidedly better than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon who uses pick and shovel.

The graduates who take up Reading Camp work speak with enthusiasm of the life they lead. It knocks, say they, the silliness out of a man. Indeed, as one of them remarked to the writer, "Both as regards health and tact in dealing with men, twelve months in a construction camp gives a better equipment for life than two or three years in college."

A TRAVELOGUE BY SUSIE



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Land of Promise

Continued from page 386.

"I don't know just what those long words mean," calmly answered the unruffled Taylor, "but I guess they ain't exactly complimentary."

"I guess they ain't," she echoed, and the proposal had ended. Ended at least, so far as Taylor was concerned.

As she caught Taylor's eye this morning she knew he was thinking of that proposal. Probably he was congratulating himself that he had been refused. Idiot! Why did he grin so? Did he think because he was six feet tall and good looking that he was conferring a favor on a woman by asking her to become his housekeeper? Idiot! Why did women ever marry? Why—

To get a home, of course. Poor things! Thank goodness she didn't have to consider such a step. She could take care of herself. She—

Crash went a cup on the floor. Taylor laughed. Gertie muttered something about "butter fingers." Norah winced inwardly at the embarrassment

Even out of so trivial an incident may grow the important crisis of a life-time. Norah promptly offered to pay for the cup, but this only brought a sarcastic rejoinder from Gertie.

Now, the temper of a lady's companion is no more dependable under certain conditions than that of any other person, and I, for one, can readily forgive Norah for suggesting at this point that while Gertie might be a perfect jewel of a farmer's wife she still could learn something about manners.

But Gertie had a temper, too. And, being beholden to it, she accepted Norah's observation as an open insult and bounced out of the room.

The men went back to their work. Norah dried the dishes and took up the ironing. Then Ed came to her with Gertie's ultimatum. Either Norah must apologize for what she had said, and do so before all the men, or Gertie would leave Ed flat and return to Winnipeg.

Apologize to Gertie—and before the men! Especially before Frank Taylor! Never! And all the pleading of all the brothers of Christendom could not make her do it. Had she no feelings? Had she no right—

And even as she framed the question she knew its answer. She was helpless. It was, after all, her brother's home. What right had she to break it up?

"All right," she said, "I'll apologize."

The men were duly summoned and came trooping back, amused rather than stirred by the situation. Gertie took her place triumphantly in the center of the room, her arms folded above a capacious and restless bosom.

"I'm sorry I was rude to you, Gertie. I apologize for what I said."

The momentous moment was over, but the crisis had not been passed. Gertie sighed in satisfaction at her triumph.

"Let this be a lesson to you, my girl," she remarked patronizingly. Her attitude of arrogant triumph was the last straw. Norah's face blanched with anger.

"O, it's no use," she muttered. "I spoke just now of teaching you manners. I take that back. You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

The men were leaving the room. "Frank Taylor, will you wait a minute?" called Norah.

With an expression of surprise on his face, Taylor turned in the door-way.

"I've understood I am not wanted here," continued Norah, her voice cold, her articulation slow and deliberate. "I am in the way. You said just now you wanted a woman to cook and bake for you, mend your clothes, and keep the shack clean and tidy. Will I do?"

"Sure," he replied with a grin.

"I am afraid you will have to marry me," she added, as coldly as before.

"I guess it would be more respectable," he admitted.

"Norah, what are you saying?" interrupted Ed. "You and Frank have fought like cat and dog ever since you came. My dear, you don't know what you're in for."

"If he is willing to risk it, I am," she replied.

"It ain't an easy life you're coming to," warned Taylor, as though he half feared she would change her mind, but still wanted to be fair with her. "This farm is a palace compared with my shack."

"I'm not wanted here and you say you want me. If you'll take me I'll come," simply replied Norah.

"I'll take you."

"All right," she cried, throwing aside her hesitation.

"Can you be ready in an hour?"

"I am ready now," she replied, and hurried toward the room that contained the few belongings she would want in the Taylor shack.

III.

To marry a man in a temper is one thing. Soberly to contemplate spending the rest of one's life with him is another. In the train that carried them from Winnipeg toward Prentice, Norah Taylor pondered the step she had taken. Opposite her sat her husband of an hour. For several moments he had been gazing at her with a curious smile on his face. She could see him from the corner of her eye as she looked out of the car window.

Presently he picked up a copy of the

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Free Press and resumed reading. Then she, in turn, studied him.

She did not love this man. She resented his attitude toward women. Whenever his tough hand had touched hers, she had instinctively recoiled. With all his physical masterfulness she felt she was repulsed by, rather than attracted to him. She trembled almost violently as she admitted that fact—and thought of the future. And yet she had no thought of turning back. She had made her bargain and she would abide by it.

Now they were off the train at Prentice. Already the sun had sunk gloriously over the rim of the prairies. Here and there, scattered miles apart yet coming together in the panoramic range of vision, lights were twinkling in the windows of farm-houses. The air was cool and fresh and she took deep draughts of it as though to gain strength to go through with the thing she had attempted.

"Neighbor Sharp" was waiting for them with the rig, Taylor told her. To the back of the neighbor's buckboard her own trunk and Taylor's grip were strapped and the ride toward the new home begun.

The men talked most of the time during that ride. Talked of the coming crops, the newest clearings, the most recent acquisitions to the neighborhood; the health of Mrs. Sharp and the little Sharps—of all manner of things interesting to men of short vision and narrow lives, thought Norah.

At their door, Sharp left them. Mrs. Sharp, who lived over a mile away, would be over in the morning to present her compliments, and see if she could do anything to help the new Mrs. Taylor, he announced.

There were two rooms in the Taylor shack. Frank had built it, he said, with the idea that some day he would be married and he knew any woman would appreciate the luxury of a bed room in addition to a living room.

He called her attention a bit boastfully to the joining of the logs, and with the pride of achievement he explained that each log had been a tree, cut down by him and hewn to fit the particular place for which it was intended. The ceiling was low, and the room in such a state of disorder as might be expected of a bachelor's shack. Cooking utensils had been washed, but left on the stove where they might be handy for the next meal. Canned goods were stacked compactly on the shelves. Such pictures as adorned the walls had been cut from the illustrated sections of Sunday newspapers.

Norah noticed that the chimney of the lamp which Taylor found after a search, and lighted, was smoky. But the bigger thought with her at that

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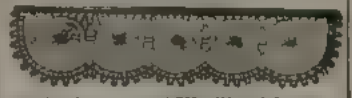

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moment was a wish that he could be satisfied to let the dark continue. She had seen enough of her new home to satisfy her, and the crisis in her life was sufficiently trying without any added illumination.

She was determined, however, to do her part. She had come to this man on a frank declaration that she would cook and bake and wash for him in return for the home and the food which he had offered to provide. But there her obligation ended.

At some time in every woman's life there comes an hour when under the force of a crisis the carefully accumulated varnish of ages of civilization is stripped off, leaving her as primitive in instinct and method as she was in the Neolithic age when she fought for her rights and was vanquished. In that hour, the gathered bitterness of those captive years—the resentment of centuries—wells up within her. She feels instinctively the unfairness of the battle she wages perpetually with man, the cruelty of the stronger for the weaker, and, despising the immemorial weapons of the snake and the slave, she fights in the open—generally to lose.

Such an hour was come to Norah, and the man, understanding better than she the primal revolt in her, felt the spirit of the cave man in him rise up to meet it. Instinctively, too, he sensed that this was a crucial moment in their relation—sensed it as an hour-old baby turns accurately to its mother's breast—and dimly felt, too, that he cared enough about Norah Marsh to break her to his way and in breaking her make her in the end content.

She was aroused by his saying, "We shall get along O. K. I reckon, when we've shaken down," and she replied quickly and not without a touch of spirit:

"You'll find I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"When two people live together in a shack," he continued without seeming to take cognizance of what she had said, "there's got to be a good deal of give and take on both sides. As long as you do what I tell you, my girl, you'll be all right."

She stopped in the middle of the floor. The statement of their respective positions had come sooner than she had anticipated. So that was the attitude he was going to take. She should do what he told her to! She smiled at the thought of any man assuming the right to dictate to her! And her smile was knowing and confident.

"It's unfortunate that when any one tells me to do a thing, I have an irresistible desire not to do it," she replied simply. "I think we shall get

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on better if you ask me to do things."

"Oh, I'll ask you all right," he compromised, "but don't forget I can make you do them."

Norah's eyes flashed, as they met his, but she said nothing. It would be time enough to show him his error when he attempted to make her do the thing she did not want to do.

He asked her to get him some supper. She got out the provisions they had brought with them, and put the kettle over the fire and lighted

They ate in silence. Perhaps each dreaded the test of mastery that was as plainly imminent as though it had been written in letters of fire on the cabin walls. She noted that the lines had become set around Taylor's mouth, and she saw that there was an almost imperceptible squaring of his shoulders as he moved away from the table.

"Now you can wash up the things, my girl." He seemed to be toying with the note of challenge in his voice.

"Presently. I am going to unpack my grip first," she answered.

"You are going to wash up the things," said he, "and you're going to do it right now. You're going to do it because I tell you to do it and because I'm going to make you do it."

He stood with his feet firmly set in the middle of the floor like a man who is in the habit of preparing himself for defense at the moment he expects attack.

Norah did not look at him, but her answer was spirited. He dare not touch her, because she was a woman, and if he should touch her she would protect herself as best she could. He laughed and started toward her, and as he laid a hand upon her shoulder she wheeled and slapped him soundly upon the ear.

"That was a darned silly thing to do," he remarked. "You see, when it comes to muscle I guess I've got the bulge on you. Now, come and wash up these things."

A woman's dignity is her unbreakable weapon—so long as she has sense enough to keep it. Too late the girl realized her tactical blunder. Scarcely had she returned her enemy's blow, just so long would he have held off from her. She held, with her empty hands, cast down the keystone to the arch of her fortress.

He held her two hands in one of his. She was furious. All the gentility of her English breeding was forgotten. She fought as the first cave woman fought cave-man. She kicked and struggled, but he held all the advantages. For a few moments the [illegible]

When [illegible] released her [illegible] her arm she [illegible] dropping to the floor.

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He eyed her menacingly for a moment. Then he walked calmly to the corner of the room, took up a worn but still serviceable broom and brought it to h[illegible]

him now that their forearm cuts had

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included the terms of housewifely service in return for food and shelter. He intended to make it go further and while keeping the letter of the law to break its spirit, taking all that he could extort by force of arms. "If you don't clean that mess up at once I'll give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life. I'm done with larking now."

Her cry for help echoed weakly back from the four walls surrounding them She threatened him with the law that protects women from the cruelty of brutes and he smiled. "There's only one law in this cabin, and that's the law of the strongest," he said. "Now, sweep up that mess."

For a second she stood defiantly before him. Then she slowly picked up the broom and did as she was told

He watched her as she worked. When she had finished he laid down the whip. "Come, my girl, let bygones be bygones," he said. She shrank from him

"I'm not in love with you and you're not in love with me." There was something very like a note of pleading in her voice

"You're a woman and I'm a man," he answered with brutal logic, and added, as though he would fix their positions once and for all

I don't know what silly notions you had in your head, my girl, but when you came with me I intended you should be a proper wife to me. I know you've been educated like a lady and spent your life doing nothing. I never had no schooling, and since I was so high I've earned my living But out here we're equal. You are nothing but an ignorant woman, and I'm your master. You're my wife and I'm going to have you. If you don't submit, by God I tell you I'll treat you like the trappers in the old days used to treat their squaws."

She backed away from him, mingled terror and hatred flashing from her eyes. On the wall she noticed a rifle slung between wooden pegs. She reached for it, and aimed it at him.

"If you move I'll kill you."

He smiled incredulously. "Shoot then," he dared

Deliberately she pulled the trigger. There was a click and she knew the gun was unloaded. Weakly it fell from her hands, and as she tottered toward the door the startled eyes of Taylor followed her with a new light of admiration. "She'd done it, sure," he mumbled.

"You knew it was not loaded," she sneered.

"Do you think I would have stood there and told you to shoot, if it had been ?" he laughed. "Come, give me a kiss, my girl." Before she could prevent him he held her in his arms, kissing her freely despite her struggles.

Her cheeks were crimson with the shame of the disgrace she felt.

"I'll kill myself," she said. But he only laughed again.

"I [illegible] He held up his finger [illegible] attention [illegible] with a [illegible] to the silence of the prairies. Why, we might be the only two people in the world here in this shack. Listen!! There ain't a sound. It might be the Garden of Eden. What's that about 'male and female created He them?' I guess you're my wife, my girl, and I want you."

He picked up the lamp and walked slowly into the bed-room. She sank to her knees before the dying embers of the fire. At the door, he turned and called: "I guess it's getting late. You'll be able to have a good clean up to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she muttered. A convulsive shudder ran through her whole body. The end of her fighting strength had come, and she knew that she was beaten

IV.

Six months later Brother Ed paid them his first visit. On the table before Norah were two unopened letters that he had brought over with him. They were from England and she disliked letters from England—they made her sad and tearful. Almost reluctantly she opened the first one. It was from a Miss Pringle in Tunbridge Wells, and began: "I have just heard from Mr. Wynne about your good luck, and I have another piece of good news for you—"

Her "good luck!" What could that possibly mean? Hastily she tore open the second letter. As she did so a check fluttered to the floor. She picked it up. It was for £500 and made payable to her. The accompanying letter explained: "I have had a serious interview with Mr. Wickham in relation to the late Mrs. Wickham's estate," it read "and have represented to him that you had been badly treated. Now that everything is settled, he wishes to send you the enclosed check as some recognition of your devoted service to his late [illegible]

She gasped at the wonder of it. Twenty-five hundred dollars! More money than she had ever had before in her life. Suddenly it seemed to make everything possible to her

She could go back to England! She could forget all the unpleasant experiences she had known since she had left there. She could leave the hardships and discouragements of the pioneer in a new country and return to the ways of civilization. And there was still more good news! She returned to Miss Pringle's letter Another position awaited Norah, it said; a position as lady's companion to a very dear old lady, "with practically nothing to do, but exercise the dogs." The salary was £35 a year

She glanced at herself in the small wall-mirror as she passed it on her way to the door to call Frank. Her cheeks were flushed with the fever of expectation. Her brother and her husband were walking through the wheat. Her first impulse was to run to them as a child with a great happiness that must be shared. No, she would not do that It was something that must be talked over. She must tell Frank alone. She turned back into the bright little living room of the shack. It was homey Some way it never had seemed quite so attractive before. But it was not like England, nor was the life of a Canadian farmer

Wouldn't it seem strange to go back to the old methodical ways of a lady's companion? To rise and have tea, to order the meals and take a drive; to take the dog for a walk, to have lunch

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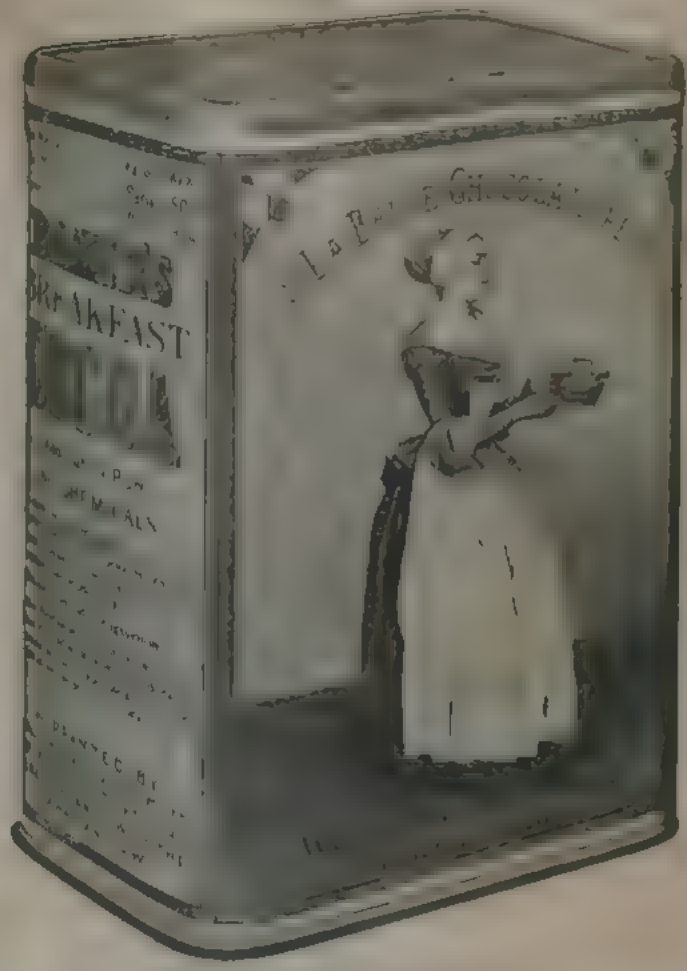

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and dinner and play bezique with one's employer, being careful not to beat her; to go to bed, and to rise next day at eight o'clock and repeat the performance.

She rather disliked the thought of leaving Mrs. Sharp and the five little Sharps, and she wondered how Frank would get along, and how their crop would come out. *Their* crop indeed. Of course, she meant *his* crop. She never had forgiven him the humiliation of their first night in that shack, and she never could! She wondered how Frank would act when she told him. If he would follow her to England if the crop turned out to be as large a he expected?

She turned. He stood in the doorway looking at her curiously, as though he knew what was in her mind

"Frank," she said, but without the note of exultation she expected would be in her voice. "Eddie brought me some letters from home. I've an offer of a position in England."

She saw him start, and noticed that his jaw settled firmly, as though he knew what she was going to say and had made up his mind as to what his own attitude should be

"I guess you'll take that quick enough," he remarked, calmly

"Have you any objections?" She was a little surprised at his manner

"I reckon it wouldn't make a powerful lot of difference to you if I had," he said

No, she didn't know that it would. Is life always like this? she wondered. Do the things you want so dreadfully always seem only to bring you pain when they come?

"Are you going to quit right now with Ed?" he asked, striving to disguise the hoarseness of his voice.

"You seem in a great hurry to be rid of me." Why should she care? She bit her lip to help her control herself

"I guess, we ain't made a great success of married life, my girl," he said, simply. "It's rum when you come to figure it out. I thought I could make you do everything I wanted, and you beat me. You was always giving way, doing everything I told you and all the time you was keeping something from me that I couldn't get at. Whenever I thought I put my hand on you I guess I found I'd only caught hold of a shadow

"I don't know what more you wanted"

"I guess I wanted you to love me," he muttered, and turned away to the window as though ashamed of so palpable a weakness.

An embarrassed silence fell between them. Taylor continued to look out the window, and Norah stood fumbling the letters that had brought her the freedom for which she had so ardently prayed.

"You'll think of me sometimes, my girl?" he asked, suddenly turning toward her.

"I don't suppose I will be able to prevent it," she replied. "Frank, I've learned to respect you during these months we have lived together. All sorts of qualities which I used to value seem very unimportant to me now. You have taught me a great deal."

"I was an ignorant, uneducated man," he replied. "I didn't know how

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to treat you properly. I wanted to make you happy, and I didn't know just how to do it. But I guess I'll like to think that you're warm and comfortable at home. This life is all new to you, and you know that one."

"Oh, yes! I know. I should think I do."

A shade of bitterness crept into her voice in spite of herself. She pictured again the daily round of duties that fell to the lot of a lady's companion.

"And you will be clearing the south forty," she added, as though he had followed the thought in her mind "You will be sowing and reaping you'll be fighting every day, and I know you'll be conquering in the end Where there was wilderness, there will be cultivated land, and who knows what starving child may eat the bread made from the wheat you grow! My life will be ineffectual, but you will have done something worth while."

"Norah, Norah!" he cried, thrilled by the unexpected eloquence in her voice.

"I thought I hated the prairie," she went on, "and yet some how it has caught hold of me. There's a beauty and a romance in it that fills my soul with longing. I know the life now. It's not adventurous and exciting. For men and women it's the same. Hard work from morning till night. And I know it's the women who bear the greater burden. And yet it's all got a meaning. We, too, have our part in the opening up the country. We are its mothers and the future is in us. We are building up the greatness of the nation. It needs our courage and strength and hope, and because it needs them they come to us. Oh Frank I can't go back to the petty, narrow life. What have you done to me? You say you want my love Don't you know love has been growing in me slowly, and I wouldn't see it? I told myself I hated you. I was ashamed. It's only to-day, when I have the means of leaving you forever that I knew I couldn't live without you. I'm not ashamed any more Frank. I love you."

"I guess I loved you from the beginning, Norah," he confessed quietly but made no movement toward [illegible] She wondered at his attitude

Norah," he said, gripping his hands until the nails cut, in an effort t[illegible] come the trembling in his voi[illegible] better that you should go. I have[illegible] wanted to tell you, but I'm bust. I haven't made [illegible] isn't going to be big t[illegible] started too late in the spring Perhaps I'll have to go back to work for another season, and I couldn't think of you living as the wife of a hired man."

"Just because you're in trouble?"

"If I wasn't afraid of being smashed

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up, do you think I'd let you go?" he cried. "By God, I wouldn't, Norah. I'd keep you always." She was in his arms now and they were both crying with the mingled misery and sweetness of this first understanding.

As she turned away from him, she picked up the check. "The nephew of the lady I worked for has made me a present of it," she explained. "Twenty-five hundred dollars, Frank. You can take the quarter section next to this, and get all the machinery you want and some cows. It's yours to do what you like with. Now will you keep me?"

"Oh! my girl, my girl," he groaned "I can't thank you."

"I don't want thanks," she answered laughing through her tears. "There's nothing in the world so wonderful as to be able to give to some one you love. Give me a kiss, and try."

"I guess it's the first time you've asked me to do that," he said. And as he kissed her, she murmured

"O, I'm so happy, Frank!"

Greater Love

Continued from page 428

doing, Jack forced another question. "Does she go there often?"

"Twice before—this week. A silk store," he sneered, "but she never brings home any silk. You know," he went on, hastily, "it may not be to play there; though if she did, could you blame her? She that used to get so much fun out of the littlest thing, she's tired to death now." He turned from the window. There was an appeal in his eyes. "You ought to tell her to cut it out."

"Me tell her? Me?"

"Yes, you." He whistled irrelevantly, then stopped suddenly. "This Charlie Wing shot two men in Lima once—used to run a place in the Chinese quarters there. 'Twas me smuggled him aboard my steamer and brought him here—paid me $5,000 for it." He paused. "I wish now I hadn't. But I think I'll take a walk down the street. So long."

Out in the hall, Prady stopped to look into the case where so many of Chick's old presents were hung, those given her by the ship captains in the old days: shells, beads, bows and arrows, knives, guns and so on, a little museum of souvenirs from foreign lands. Jack could hear him sliding the glass doors, but paid no attention to that. Soon the street door closed behind him.

Jack remained gazing out of the rear window on the back area, for no reason than that she had been doing so just before him. He noted casually the yard to Charlie Wing's place. A thousand days he had played in that very garden, and a thousand days had she looked out from her window upon him. So he got to brooding over it, and over her life, and over what Prady had said of Charlie Wing.

In the middle of his reverie one thought came to him in a flash. In earlier days he would have acted on the impulse, but of late he had got into the way of thinking things out. So that he was brooding over this new thought, which in its sweep included Charlie Wing, Prady, Macron, Chick. And yet wherein, after all, did it concern him now?

The report of a pistol brought him

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jumping out of it. He knew it for a big-bored revolver shot. There was an open window, a lace curtain across it. No longer puzzling reflection, but down the back stairs in two strides, across Grannie's backyard in three more. The door to Charlie Wing's he found bolted on the inside, but the wall was easily scaled. He had not forgotten the lay-out of this his old home, and straight up the back stairs he rushed and straight for that back room—he knew that room, too—of the open window and lace curtain.

Another shot and almost at the same instant the door swung open before him. It was Charlie Wing backing out. The revolver was still in his hand. Jack looked beyond Charlie and there he saw Chick, her head resting on a table as if she were weary. On the floor was Prady, his legs stretched out before him and his back against the wall. Blood was on his white shirt front and a knife was in his hand. Like coming death he looked. Charlie said something in Chinese and turned. A quick man, but not quick enough. Jack caught his lifted wrist and the bullet went on by him. He wrenched the wrist; he could feel the bones cracking under his grip and see Wing grow clear white with the agony. Before the weapon had hit the floor Jack had him by the throat.

But Wing did not die by his hand. Over Wing's shoulder he saw Chick lift her head and he saw, too, that she knew him. And he had no more time for Wing. He heaved him off, and back on the floor Wing fell, to Prady, who Jack had thought was all gone, but who now reached over and drove his knife deep into Wing's neck.

Jack took Chick up. Once she would have been quite a weight, but not now. He could feel her breath at his ear. "Oh—h—I'm so glad that it's you that came to take me away," she said.

He said to Prady, "If anybody comes, let it be Charlie and you and me alone."

"All right," agreed Prady, "just you and me and Charlie. Didn't I tell you he was bad? He said something to Chick; I couldn't get the words, but Chick slapped his face. I heard the slap and her voice like she was ready to cry; but not for fear, not Chick. 'Why, you yellow beast!' she said, 'do you think because—' And then—I'd been listenin' at the curtain—I jumped in. But he had the gun all the time, he was that crazy about her. Maybe you didn't know that, but I did, for years. He didn't give me a chance, seemed like he thought I was her man. If that wasn't a joke!" Prady laughed terribly. "I struck at him, but he was too quick, too quick. So it'll be as you say. Gately, no word of her and I'll be like a Chinaman—just me—and—him—and he's gone—and I'm going"—

Jack carried Chick through the old garden and into the boarding house, to the same old sofa in the same old parlor. She was looking up at him as he laid her down. "I'm glad it's you, Jackie, dear," she said, and reached for his hand. "I made Macron hurry home to-day—Grannie sent word you were back. I told Macron why. He knows all about you and me, Jackie. You said something about showing my colors once, Jackie."

She had been shot through the right breast and the blood from the wound was spreading over her waist. Her throat seemed to be swelling and he opened her collar. No baby's throat was whiter or smoother. She put her hand to her waist and he loosened it. She took his other hand while he was doing that and pressed it to her breast, then led it to a curl which, when he

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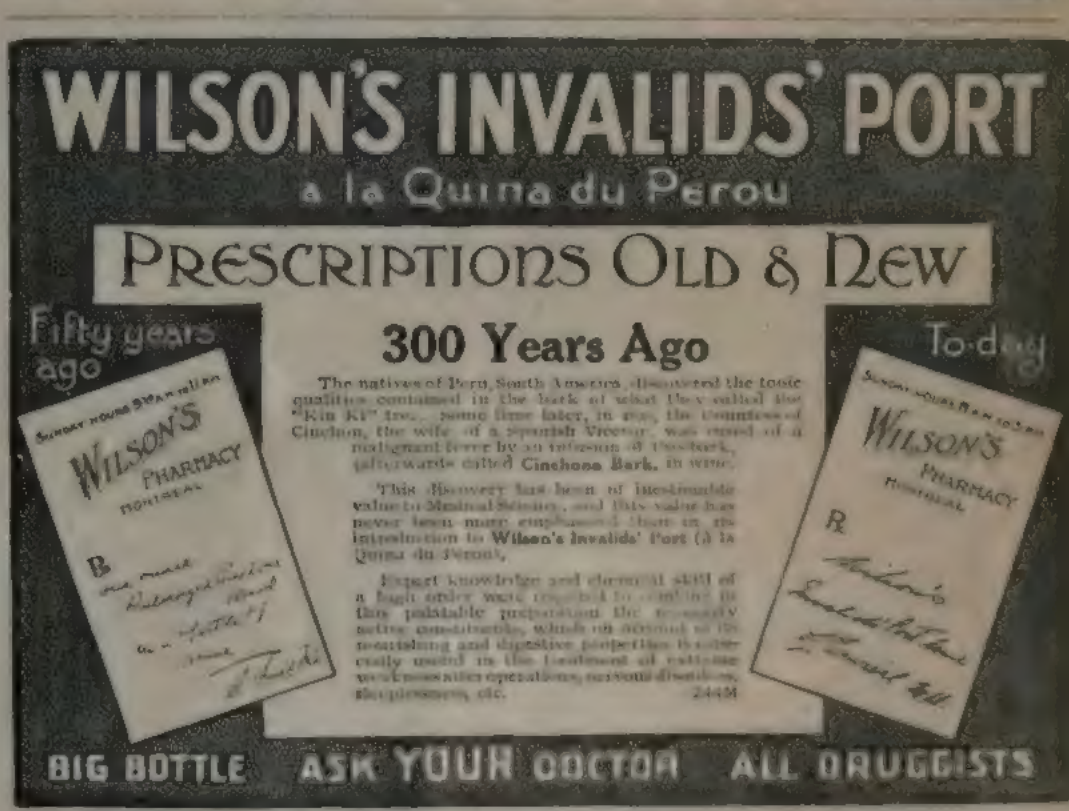

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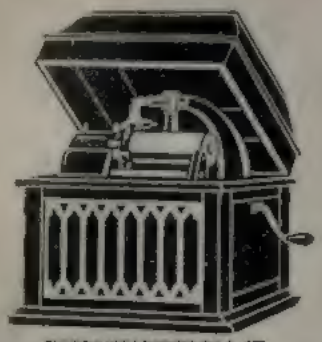

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drew it out, he saw had fastened to it a medal. "Remember when you gave me it, Jackie?" His own medal of honor it was. He had won it while still an apprentice boy and had given it to her on his return.

"Oh, Chickie, but why didn't I go down with Lappen!"

"No, no, don't think that, Jackie. And see, this key—here." Jack drew it out. "Ask Grannie and she'll show you the box. It holds everything you ever sent me, every letter, every ebony elephant, every heathen ivory temple, every souvenir spoon—nothing else but you in it. And nobody's ever looked inside it but myself. There you'll find the letters I wrote but never sent. I want you to read them now. Read them, and you'll know I did love you, dear."

She choked a little then, and he bent over to raise her up. "Sweetheart," she whispered, "nearer." There was a speaking love and beauty in her eyes. He bent—still lower—and they kissed.

"It's the truest kiss I ever gave, Jackie. If it's a sin, then God help me!" Out of weakness she rested a while, looking at him, saying no word but looking at him. "I meant harm to nobody, Jackie—to nobody—never never! All I ever did I just couldn't help. Before I knew it was wrong those captains used to pick me up and kiss me, and say things to me. But I wasn't a bad girl—no more than that. I couldn't seem to help that, and surely they who used to know my father could mean no harm to me. But never after that day—that terrible day you left me. I never was the same after that day. That day the blood left my heart. I used to cry the long nights through. And I hated the name of whoever might try to lead you astray. And that was why—about Lappen. He promised me different. . . . ."

Jack feared she would speak no more, but she looked up to say, "And even to-day, Jackie, I got to thinking of when I was a little girl and you still a little boy, and I asked Charlie Wing to let me go to that room. It was upstairs in the gambling part. Good women didn't go there, but I went. And I was raising the window to look out into the garden as you used to, but I saw you standing at the window there, and I drew back so you would not see me, and just then Charlie Wing came in and I drew farther back into the room so he wouldn't look out and see you. And there we were alone—and he misunderstood. When he shot I didn't mind it much—only till you came in. 'He'll blame me again,' I thought. But when you looked at me as you did, I didn't care any more. And I wasn't afraid for you. I knew

you could crush him if you wanted to. Remember the night you fought Prady? Every blow you struck that night I struck with you, and every blow he struck you, struck me. Poor Prady! Well, God forgive me if I'm to blame——"

"No, no—*no*, Chick."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Jack. Sometimes I think my mother died too soon. And about Grannie, sweetheart. Be good to her, won't you?"

The blood was coming in little bubbles from her lips. Jack wiped them away, trying not to let her know it. But she knew. "It won't be long now, Jackie, and maybe I ought to try to pray a little. Won't you pray with me, sweetheart? And for Captain Prady, and Captain Lappen, brave men both, weren't they, dear?"

So she began and he repeated: "*Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.. . .* And now—yes, and for Charlie Wing, too, for how could he know? . . . Wait, wait, sweetheart—the baby prayer, too. *Hail Holy Queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile*— What's next, dear? O yes— *That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. . Pray for us sinners now—and yes—now and at the hour of—of—our death-h.* What comes after death, Jackie?"

"Amen, sweetheart."

"Ah-h yes, *A-men*," her fingers closing tightly over his. "Ah-h—ah-h—" the least little bit of a sigh.

All the world remembers when the great battle fleet assembled at Hampton Roads, and how wonderfully the statement of its commander-in-chief, prior to sailing, stimulated enlistments, so that up to the last hour the adventurous ones came rushing aboard. "Feast, fight or frolic," whichever it was to be, they were hoping for the best.

But nothing happened to the fleet. "And nothing will happen—it never does when you're looking for it," commented Jack Gately. That was even while his ship was steaming down the line to battle practise. Down the line she came, fourteen knots her speed, all her men to battle station, all her port broadside, and turret guns booming.

Stripped to their racing jerseys, eyes glowing, chests heaving, lips curving, but nerves under control was this particular turret crew. So would they strip and look in battle, and no more eager to win in real battle than now. Round about were lugs of powder piled up. Hardly prudent? No; but prudent people never make or save nations. The God of War there was the turret captain, Gately, astraddle of the entering hatch. Wide-shouldered, lean-waisted as a racing horse, through his tight-fitting jersey his torso swelled; and his big arms, too, were bulging with restrained power.

Two miles she had gone, and 9,000 yards away a badly shot-up target fluttered in the warm sea air. It looked like a new world's record. From aloft they could see far out another solid rectangle of painted canvas being cut to flying ribbons. The time war most up, the light of anticipation gle g in their eyes—particularly the twelve-inch records would be badly broken. Boom, flame and smoke it was along the whole ship's side, when pff! almost an explosion, and flame and smoke not reckoned with from beneath this turret's entering hatch.

A bag of powder was tossed out without an explosion. How? Nobody knew or could explain. The rules for

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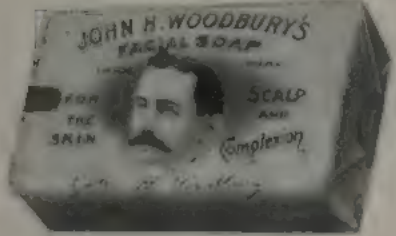

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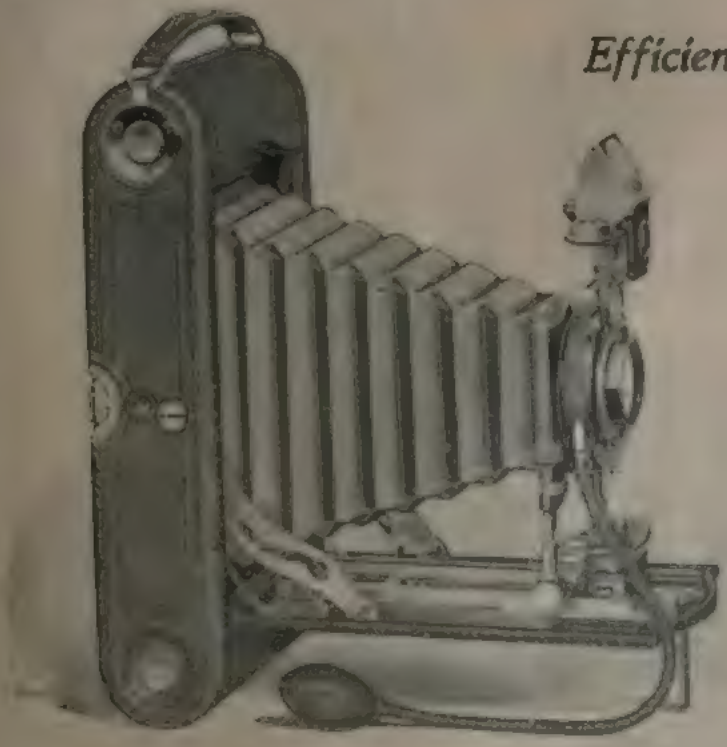

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bade speech till time was up, and another shot remained to be fired. And that was fired. "The right hoist's afire," said somebody then, and the turret captain threw himself down through the four decks of the other ammunition hoist to the handling room.

Above him in the hoist the flames were roaring. Sparks of burning cloth began to fall on the steel deck of the handling room, and there were bags of powder not yet stowed. "Don't touch that—don't wait for that—close your magazine doors!" he called, and they saw him jump for the sizzling little spark as they pulled to the magazine doors, themselves inside. Almost with the cushioned shock of the closing doors came the flash and a great pf-f-ff!

Two men came running in, just in time to see him standing there with his arms crossed before his face. They saw him, too, smooth his eyelids with the tips of his fingers. "It must be terrible to be blind," he said. The front of his jersey was charred on his body.

The miracle of his escape overcame them. "You still alive, Gate?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

"It's sure your lucky day."

"Must be, son—my lucky day." And he went up on deck. The surgeon wished to have him brought below to the hospital, but Gately said, "If you don't mind, sir, I'll stay up here." So they allowed him to stay on deck, where he walked the quarter from his turret to the ship's side, with never a word to anybody and nobody a word to him. Shipmates came up to him, with a mind to say something; but meeting him face to face they turned away without saying it.

And so he walked the deck, one hour, two hours, three hours, all that afternoon, turning sometimes to look out over the sea, at the sky, across to the other ships of the fleet; but no sign of what might be going on within, only when he would lift his head to gulp down the cool air. This terrible self-repression was too much for some of his shipmates—they went away. But never a sign of weakness in him till suddenly he turned and looked up at the flag.

"Good-by, old ship—good ship, too." His voice was low, muffled. "Good-by, old Navy. If only 'twas on the real battle line." And he saluted the flag. Turning, he found a ring of his shipmates inclosing him. "Good-by, fellows," and then, in a voice stiff, low, but clear as the ship's bell, "Coming!" he called, and fell full-length backward on the deck.

The surgeon knelt above his body. "Though hardly any need," he observed. "He was fated from the first. He inhaled the flame, and it burned him out inside."